

THE CITIZEN

Devoted to the Interests of the Mountain People

Knowledge is power—and the way to keep up with modern knowledge is to read a good newspaper.

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1620 THANKSGIVING 1916

Hughes Not Badly Beaten

Charles E. Hughes will go down in history as one of the men who very narrowly missed the presidency—as Blaine did in 1884, as Tilden did in 1876, as Henry Clay did in 1844—rather than in the list of men who were “wiped off the face of the earth”—like Horace Greeley and Alton B. Parker and Winfield Scott. To whatever consolation lies in this distinction Mr. Hughes and his friends are fully entitled.

The Republican candidate carried his own state by a handsome plurality. He carried his opponent's home state of New Jersey. Hughes, besides won the usually doubtful Indiana and Connecticut, and the imperial state of Illinois. In looking over the field he can see much that is highly complimentary to him. Nor is there anything in the returns to indicate that any other Republican candidate would have run any better.

The situation within the Republican party calls for nothing sensational. It invites no radical overturn. The organization is in good fighting trim today, in apparent control of the newly elected House of Representatives, and narrowly missing the presidency. Its duty is to go forward, on existing lines, in the realizations that it will not always have to make its battles against a Democracy saved from the effects of many of its own errors by a colossal struggle in arms on the other side the seas.

—Boston Herald.

Thursday, December 7th

This is the date when every loyal Madisonian will vote for the \$35,000 bond issue.

For what purpose? To build a free bridge across the Kentucky River at Clay's Ferry. The entire amount will be used for the new free bridge.

Will it benefit you? It will certainly benefit every citizen of Madison County and the generations to come.

You will vote for it because you know it is the best for you and your neighbor. It is important that you do not forget the date and the issue at stake.

"SUBMIT THE AMENDMENTS"

By J. W. VanWinkle

We take the liberty of quoting this headline from a leading Democratic newspaper of Louisville. It is not found on the editorial page, but displayed most prominently in double column on the first page. The war news from the several "fronts" in Europe pales into twilight insignificance in comparison.

Quoting further: "The Times has come to the deliberate conclusion that, as soon as possible, there should be submitted by the legislature to the voters of Kentucky constitutional amendments which have for their object the establishment of prohibition, and woman suffrage in the State."

In reading this sudden, startling, and imperative announcement, our "guessing machinery" sat up and took notice. Why, and wherefore, in the name of Kentucky Colonels, or

any other patron of Kentucky Bourbon, or other booze guzzlers, did such an idea originate? Ye humble historian is not the only one frustrated by this,—shall we say—premature announcement.

Another daily whose home is near the Times was so wrought up that the usual space given to important news was entirely devoted to comment on the semi-editorial of the Times. Personally we welcome the discussion, because of the frankness of the statements made in both papers. For example, the prime mover of the question says: "Sincere, state-wide prohibitionists will take the one side; the Times the other." Why so anxious to submit the question in order to oppose it?

The woman's suffrage question calls forth this careful forethought: "As to woman suffrage, the Times reserves its judgment." We venture (Continued on Page Five)

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This is Thanksgiving Day and how grateful we should be for our many blessings. Catch the spirit of the day by reading this issue.

R. E. M. writes:

"You will find enclosed \$1.00 for which send me 'The Citizen' to Fair-

mount, N. C., where I am teaching; and am lost without 'The Citizen'." How necessary we are in the school room. We give all the news and save his teacher much valuable time.

Have the children trace picture puzzle No. 1 on page 7 for your amusement. It's fun!

Handicraft for Boys on Page 7 is a new feature; next time it will be for the girls. We are sure every boy and girl will enjoy this column.

Lona Fish tells how he grew his acre of corn; read the farm page and let the older boys as well follow his example. You should attend the Farmers Week at Lexington with profit to yourself.

You may depend upon our world news items as good and reliable. Are you reading them?

Some of the departments on page 2 are falling down. What is the matter?

All matter for publication should be in not later than Tuesday noon of each week. All matter for page 2 should reach us not later than Monday noon.

IN OUR OWN STATE

Mrs. Thomas E. Hargis, widow of the former Chief Justice of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, died of paralysis in Washington Friday.

The Rev. Dr. Charles W. Welch, pastor of Park Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City, has accepted a call to the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church of Louisville.

Transfers of coal lands in Eastern Kentucky to the Stag Coal Corporation, a Virginia company, to the extent of more than \$100,000, is announced from Hazard, Ky.

With an attendance of seventy-five, the Kentucky Fire Underwriters' Association met in Louisville in annual session Thursday. Improvement of fire fighting in the State was the keynote of the annual address.

John E. Baker, superintendent of the Cumberland Pipe Line Company, announced Friday night that work on a new four-inch line from the Irvine oil field to Campton would be started at once. This will increase the daily capacity to 12,000 barrels.

\$15,000 Fire Loss to Pineville

Shortly after midnight of Sunday of the 19th, fire was discovered in the warehouse of the Rice Lumber Company. The fire spread rapidly, on account of the water having been cut off, to the adjoining buildings. The loss to the Rice Lumber Company alone will amount up to \$15,000. The lumber company will begin rebuilding at once.

Knox County Assassination

Charles Randall was brought before the Knox Circuit Court on the charge of killing Mrs. Bessie Holt, at her home in Barbourville. She was assassinated by a shot fired through a window. The evidence against Randall is circumstantial. He was indicted on the strength of a statement made by the woman just before her death. The defendant claims he can produce witnesses to bear out his statement of his whereabouts at the time of the shooting.

Kentucky River Power Company

A hundred men are rushing the work of construction and installation of the machinery of the new power house at Lohair near Hazard. The equipment is arriving at the rate of six cars a day keeping a large gang busy unloading. Wires are being strung and lamps are being hung in order that the work may go on day and night. The company hopes to have the first unit of the plant running by the first of January.

Estill County Tragedies

The past week has been an unusual one in Estill County in that a murder, a fatal railroad accident, three deaths by illness occurred. The body of Berry Flinchum was found with head severed; it lying on one side of the rail and the body on the other near Old Landing. Later two men were taken as suspects of the crime and landed in the County jail at Beattyville. J. H. Todd, a brakeman on the L. & N., while riding the pilot of an engine was thrown beneath the wheels and fatally injured. He was taken to Richmond for treatment where he died the same night. The deaths were those of Miss Anna Mareum, a most attractive and popular young lady; the three-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Ferguson, from measles; and Russell, the ten-year old son of Robert Wilcox, from the same disease.

Oil Interest Aroused

At the junction of Estill, Lee and Wolf counties a new boom is now on from the report of a good well in (Continued on Page Eight)

U. S. NEWS

The Navy Department Monday awarded the Seattle Construction & Dry Dock Company a contract for building one thirty-five-knot scout cruiser for \$4,975,000.

Census Bureau estimates show the population of the United States on January 1, 1917, will be 102,826,309. Kentucky's population is estimated at 2,386,866, showing a healthy increase.

The 1918 Naval Appropriation Bill probably will be one of the first great supply measures ready for consideration in the House when Congress convenes next month. It will carry about \$400,000,000.

MURDER DETAILS DO NOT MOVE TEIPER

Witnesses Tell of Hearing Screams and Shots.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 28.—John Edward Teiper, on trial here charged with the murder of his mother, Mrs. Agnes Teiper, sat unmoved in court while witnesses traced and retraced the story of the events immediately following the tragedy in the Orchard park road last January, when Mrs. Teiper and her son Frederick were slain.

Mr. and Mrs. William Deppier, who live in a farmhouse near the scene of the murder, told of hearing screams and groans from the roadway at about 11 o'clock on the night of the murder. A moment later, according to Mrs. Deppier, there were three shots and a woman cried: "Oh, Fred, don't do that!" She insisted that it was "Fred" and not "Ed" that she heard.

Others who heard the screams and shots testified that the words were indistinguishable, but William H. Young, who was in the party at the Deppier home, testified that he heard a man's voice cry "Help! Help! We are being murdered!"

Dr. Fleming testified he found Frederick Teiper's body lying about thirty feet back of the mother's automobile. Grace Teiper, unconscious, was lying in the road near Fred's body, the witness said, and Mrs. Teiper's body was in her automobile. While he was trying to revive Grace Teiper, the physician asserted, John Edward came up and told him a detailed story of a mysterious negro assailant. Teiper did not say that he had been hit, but the doctor said he noticed a mark on his forehead. Teiper complained that his head felt "funny" and the doctor gave him some medicine.

Girl Student Killed.

Joliet, Ill., Nov. 28.—Miss Lillian Kriemerer, twenty, a student at Northwestern college, was killed and the Rev. E. O. Rife, evangelical minister of Naperville, seriously injured when an automobile plunged off a thirty-foot cliff near here.

PRISON FOR SPECULATORS

Union Urges Drastic Action Against Food Manipulators.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 28.—Resolutions were passed by the Boston Typographical union, urging its members to refuse to buy Thanksgiving turkeys at any price, and to use as little butter and eggs in December as possible, as a protest against food speculation.

Other resolutions were passed favoring imprisonment of speculators who place foodstuffs in storage for more than twenty-five weeks, and urging public ownership of railroads in order to avoid the menace of a strike.

Played With Quarry Powder.

Bedford, Ind., Nov. 28.—Boys at Oolitic were playing with several pounds of quarry powder when the stuff was exploded. A seven-year-old son of George Deford was seriously burned, his entire body having to be wrapped in cotton.

WORLD NEWS

The campaign on the western frontier of the European War has reduced itself to one of attrition. By this term is meant the process of wearing away the German defense by a destruction of soldiers. It is coming to be understood that England and France are not expecting to break through the German lines but are seeking to lengthen the line by making it zigzag, thus requiring more men to defend it and thus exposing more to the fire of the Allies.

England and her allies are again seeking to make large loans in the United States. England has succeeded in placing one for three hundred millions of dollars and Russia and France for smaller sums. A considerable part of this money remains in the United States to be used in the purchase of ammunition of various kinds. It costs money to carry on war.

Austria-Hungary has a new monarch by reason of the death of the old Emperor, Francis Joseph, who has been on the throne since 1848. The new Emperor is Charles Francis Joseph. He is a grand nephew of the last ruler, is about twenty-three years old and quite democratic in his ideas and habits. His position will be a very hard one but he may prove to be the man for the emergency.

England has found it necessary to appoint a food dictator as Germany has done. The food supply is sufficient but it is not equalized among the people. There are some among the population that have not changed their habits of life at all while others have been reduced to actual need. The distribution of meat, corn and potatoes has been regulated already to some extent and the same plan will be extended to other things. Several candidates for this new position have been considered.

Two large hospital ships belonging to England were sunk during the week of the coast of Greece. The Britannia was built by the White Star line and turned over to the government at the beginning of the war. She was one of the largest vessels afloat. There were no patients aboard but a good many doctors and nurses most of whom escaped, as the vessel was so long in sinking. It is not definitely known whether the disaster was due to a torpedo or a mine but indications rather point to the latter.

An effort is being made to have all the philanthropic associations of the United States unite in an effort to secure a fund of a billion dollars to be used in relief work in Europe. This seems to be more nearly up to the standard of America's service in this great war than anything yet done. America, for her own sake, ought to bear a burden and it would be fitting that it should come in this form. There will be need for a relief for many years after the war is over.

Captain Hobson is authority for the statement that the friends of Prohibition are to have an international conference on that subject at the close of the European war, perhaps at the time of the meeting to settle the terms of peace. The cause of temperance has been pushed forward by the conditions in Europe and it is to be hoped that something tangible and permanent may come from it.

The Servians are rejoicing in the fact that they have been able to regain a foothold in their own country. By the aid of the French they succeeded in getting from the Germans the city of Monastir in the southern part of the country. (Continued on Page Eight)

WHAT SERRAIL HAS DONE

Map Showing the Advance From Florina to Monastir.

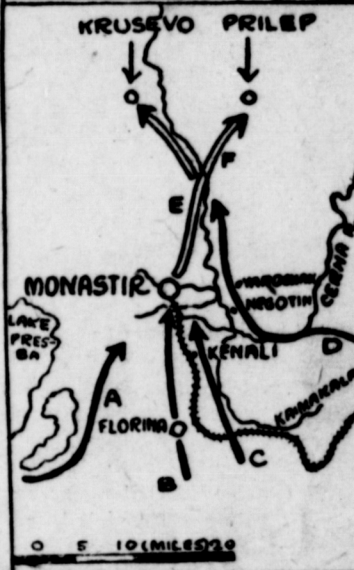


Photo by American Press Association.

London, Nov. 28.—Military opinion insists that the allied forces, led by the French general, Serrail, must follow up their success on the west Macedonian front by an advance toward Priep, using Monastir as a base, and from there to Negotino on the Vardar. The map shows the situation around Monastir, captured by the Servians, French and Russians. A is the line of the Italians' flanking movement; B the advance against Monastir of the main French army from Saloniki; C the Russian advance; D the Servians' line of approach; E and F the German-Bulgarian retreat toward Krusevo and Priep.

TEUTONS CLOSE IN ON BUCHAREST

Fall of City Is Declared to Be Imminent.

RUSSIANS ARE HALTED

Advance of Muscovites in Dobruja, North of Constantza-Tchernavoda Said to Be Entrenched Before Bulgarians—Calm on Somme.

London, Nov. 28.—With the retreat of the Roumanians from the Alt river line and the invaders at one point within fifty miles of Bucharest, the Teutonic "iron ring" continued to close in and from reports on the fighting, it appears that the fall of the capital is imminent.

Since Field Marshal von Mackensen has forced a passage across the Danube and has joined forces with General von Falkenhayn's armies the invaders to the southwest have approached within fifty miles of Bucharest and reports indicate that the Teutonic allies are sweeping all before them.

The rapid Teutonic advance south-east of Craiova turned the flank of the Alt position as did the Danube crossings. These factors, together with the continued pressure on the northern end of the line, also theoretically outflanked, have now resulted in the Roumanian abandonment of the Alt line. (Continued on Page Five)

University Column

Y. W. C. A.

A Thanksgiving meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held Sunday night, Miss Helen Bowman being leader. The topic was "Thanksgiving and Thanksliving." Leaders of Thanksgiving meetings in America have abundant material on which to draw. The leader spoke of the many things which young women have to be especially thankful for. The attendance was larger than usual. Young women of high purpose and womanly ideals do well to become affiliated with an organization, the chief object of which is to promote higher and better living.

CAPTAIN BALL

The girls of the Institution are very enthusiastic over captain ball as a substitute for basket-ball. This is the first year that this game has been played in Berea to any extent. Although it is based on the essential principles of basket-ball, the girls are finding it a more interesting and a better medium for exercise. It is more thorough and less violent. Schedules have been arranged and the inter-department games will be played. A game of captain ball will be one of the features at the Gymnasium Thursday afternoon.

NEGRO PROBLEM

In the meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association Sunday night Professor Smith continued his series of lectures on the "Race Problem." Much interest has been aroused and a large number is making thorough study of the problem, using Doctor Weatherford's book as text and the leader as a teacher. If you have missed the first lectures, get in on the home stretch. Without a knowledge of the vital problems of the age no man is educated. Having this knowledge, no man is ignorant.

PROHIBITION

Last Sunday afternoon at two o'clock the local Prohibition League together with the citizens of the town, were honored with the privilege of hearing the Rev. A. W. Hamilton of the Methodist Church speak on the liquor question.

By briefly reviewing the history of Boozie, he showed that never has any age or nation suffered it to exist on as large a scale as we.

He refuted the liquor dealers argument that since the saloons pay taxes they are a social benefit. He said if the fact that the saloons pay heavy taxes to the government makes them a desirable element, then the European War is a good thing for the various European governments because it is causing the people to pay high taxes both directly and indirectly. The saloons, I am sad to say, pay taxes for the privilege of debauching our manhood, womanhood and childhood.

We pay for letting out these privileges in the upkeep of the paupers, insane, criminals and the endurance of the immorality caused by this national parasite.

We must settle this question within the next four years, for the European soldiers, who have been robbed of their drink, will, unless they have been reformed during the war, enter our ports at the close of the European struggle and become so associated with this traffic that it will be impossible to eradicate it from our midst for years to come.

So let us as loyal citizens unite as one in both mind and strength, and march forth to battle with this evil until the victory is ours.

Don't forget the Prohibition Convention which is to be held in Lexington, from December 28th to January 1st.

WHO NAMED THE TURKEY?

Thanksgiving Bird Does Not Owe Its Name to the Mohammedan Country. How the turkey came by its name has been a moot question for a long time.

The Thanksgiving fowl is an American bird which was introduced to Europe from the new world and had nothing whatever to do with Turkey or the Turks. The name turkey, however, was originally applied to the fowl which is now known as the guinea fowl, and some authors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries confused the two species.

As both birds became more common and better known, to quote the Encyclopedia Britannica, "the distinction was gradually perceived, and the name turkey became restricted to that from the new world, possibly because of its repeated call note, to be syllabified 'turk, turk, turk,' whereby it may be almost said to have named itself. The turkey, so far as we know, was first described by Oriedo in his 'Sumario de la natural historia de las Indias,' said to have been published in 1527."

College Column

Miss Carrie Wilson recently underwent an operation at the College Hospital for nasal trouble.

E. E. Hunt of Batavia, O., spent the early part of the week here visiting his daughter, Miss Elizabeth, of the Freshman Class.

Homer Lewis was a visitor in Winchester over Sunday.

REINFORCEMENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Fulkerson of Point Arena, Cal., announce the birth of a fine son, named Harold Hayes. The parents will be remembered as members of the Class of '08.

YELL PRACTICE

One of the most progressive moves of the College Department this year was made Saturday night at vesper hour. About ninety young men and women met in Lincoln Hall to practice yells and songs. The spirit which all members of the Department should have has been the more conspicuous by its absence. The "disfranchisement" enthusiasm will get no one very far. We put some starch in it at this meeting. Let us continue to have a deep regard for our Department. Get out and cheer our athletic teams and let them know we are behind them. May we put away our individualistic and factional spirit aside and lose ourselves in zeal for the crimson and black. Without spirit, ideals perish!

UPPER CHAPEL

In one of the most interesting sermons of the year Doctor Roberts spoke Sunday night on "Individual Thanksgiving." Of the long list of things which every one should be thankful for, one of the most unique was this: "Be thankful that you are not the other fellow." As the hearers looked around over the audience, they murmured a hearty amen. College men and women have much to be thankful for, but their responsibility is correspondingly large.

PHI DELTA PROGRAM

"A Study of Roman Mythology" was the title of Phi Delta's program Saturday night. A comprehensive paper by Mr. Pickelsimer on the "Rise of Mythology" was instructive and especially helpful to our non-classical members who have a very meager opportunity to become versed in ancient lore. The plot of The Aeneid in modern story form added to Mr. Smith's increasing renown. Other numbers of the program added to its classic spirit.

HOLTON-HALLETT

Miss Mary Holton and Richard Matthews Hallett were quietly married at the home of the bride's parents in Boothbay, Me., Wednesday, November 15. Mrs. Hallett will be remembered as a student of the College Department four years ago. The groom is a noted young author of increasing fame. After a month's automobile tour they will make their home in Boothbay Harbor.

MISS HUDSON ENTERTAINS

Monday night Miss Mildred Hudson entertained a number of her friends at her home on Jackson street. Each guest was costumed to represent some famous character in literature or the world's history. Games, admirably appropriate for people of such rank and station, were played. The entire scheme was unique and highly enjoyable to all.

PI EPSILON PI

The study of American art, as our program, revealed to us that we have much native ability as was brought out in several admirable papers prepared by the Misses Lena Stamm, Julia Rust, McCollum and Bowman on "Great American Painters," "American Sculptors of Note," "American Art Collections," and "Masters of Everyday Art."

From the Earliest Times.

The first national Thanksgiving was said to have been the one offered up at St. Paul's cathedral, London, for the defeat of the Spanish armada, September, 1588. The English settlers in this country naturally adopted the custom of their native land, and at an early period in our colonial history Thanksgiving became quite common. The institution may be said to be the natural outgrowth of human nature and has probably existed in some form or other from the earliest times.

For Benefits Enjoyed.

A God fearing nation like ours owes it to its inborn and sincere sense of moral duty to testify its devout gratitude to the All Giver for the countless benefits it has enjoyed.—William Taft.

Academy Column

DRIFTING OR CLIMBING

Higher scholarship is the aim of the Academy Department this year. How is it to be attained? Too often we students wait for our classmates to help lift our share of the load, and soon we fall into a state of carelessness. How careful we should be of every moment if we had imaginative power enough to realize fully that slightly differing actions now may build results as wide apart as the poles of opposite eternities! If we had this vision idleness would have no welcome at our door. Some persons dream away two-thirds of life and think they are enjoying life. As a matter of fact they are under a delusion. They are just so much less alive. The nearer to complete inaction we come, the nearer we are to being lifeless statues. The more activity we acquire the higher up the cliffs of knowledge we can climb. It is ambition that has climbed the heights, and will thru all the future. Too often we are like imprisoned straws revolving listlessly within the narrow circle of our daily duties, while all the world is sweeping to the sea. Youth lies in her loveliness, dreaming in her drifting boat, and wakes to find her necklace has in some way come unfastened, and from the loosened ribbon the lustrous pearls have one by one been slipping far beyond her reach into those deep waters over which her slumbers passed. Do not let the pearls be lost. Do not let the moments pass until they yield their wealth and add their beauty to your lives. Let us, as students of the Academy, determine to attain this higher scholarship, and to make this one of the best school years in the history of Berea.

THEIR HOME

Their home, a reasonably large white house, with veranda and bay window in front and three windows in the upper story, overlooks a beautiful valley below, sheltered by rugged and scalloped hills in the distance.

Let us enter! Here is a cozy "hang-your-wraps" room. In front of us is the staircase, a delicate statue on the newel post, and suspended from the ceiling above the staircase is a miniature chime with a look of Chinese antiquity.

Look! Here to the left is the dining-room. In one corner is a red-brick fireplace, encased by white woodwork and mantel shelf above. Clinging decoratively to the four burlapped walls is the dish-shelf, adorned with china, hand-painted in variegated likenesses of luscious fruits. In the center of the room looms up the festive board, immaculately dressed in whitest linen and strewn with a richness of table adornment.

But, best of all, just look at this! To the right is the living-room. In front of us we see the huge fireplace, with all its "contraptions" to suggest comfort, luxury, good cheer and thoughts. At the left end is a window overlooking,—Oh, how beautiful!—a yard, planted with dainty shrubbery and divided a third of the way down by a white lattice fence, with Norman arch leading into a tennis court. On one side of the window overlooking this attractive landscape gardening, stands a piano of flush red coloring, and on the other side of the window stands an organ made rich by its antiquity of appearance. At the other end of the room, (which is furnished with elaborate comforts and rich festoonery) there is a window which gives a sweeping view of all the grandeur of the western hills along the Cumberland Day.

Here, as the strength of day ebbed beyond, and the prisms of red changed to those of richest amber—here we reclined easily, to feel the pulse of the world's musical art distended through our very being. Masterpiece after masterpiece did the piano interpret, but none were like the cadences that rose and fell from the keys of the organ. What comfort at the rendition of "A Clean Heart!" What safety in the sweetness of "Pilot Me!" And what pictures and thoughts of Bobby and Mary ran rampant in our minds as the tendrils of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" rooted themselves in our souls! Truly was it said,

"The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

L. C. Fenwick.

Jasper—Many a wise word is spoken in jest. Jimson—Yes, but they can't compare with the number of foolish ones that are spoken in earnest.—Elizabeth.

Vocational Column

The Senior Class social in Kentucky Hall last Monday night was a great success. Music was furnished by the quartette and a banjo and violin were kept going all the hour.

A very interesting, though unusually rough and hard fought, basket-ball game was played last Thursday between the Vocational and Normal. This is our first game and although just a practice game it helped us to get our bearing. The Vocational is going to make a good showing Thursday in the athletic performances of the day and we want the support of the whole Department. Everybody get out and help us to win by lending your voices to the crowd of boys and girls, who are prepared to do the Department justice.

THE COMEDIANS

Last Saturday night the following men gave an interesting entertainment at College Hill: Marcus Howell and the Fielder brothers, Benton, William and "Cotton" and the Rev. C. S. Knight.

The proceeds which was \$14.00, went to the Women's Club of that community. All had a good laugh, and the actors got six or eight good square meals and came back to Berea feeling about ten years younger.

MY CONCEPTION OF AN IDEAL HOME

To begin with let me say it should be every boy's and girl's ambition to attain a home. What shall we use as our definition for home? Most of us are accustomed to think of it as merely being a place where we may eat and sleep. Many of us would say that the ideal home was based on wealth. Perhaps this is partly true, but the fundamentals of an "Ideal Home" are, unity of purpose between man and wife, love, selfmade fortune, and children. It matters not where a family lives, they may live in the "White House," or they may live under the cliff, but this one thing is certain, that where-ever the above mentioned fundamentals prevail the home is glorified.

Our first requirement for an ideal home is unity of purpose between man and wife, or in other words they should become as one. This means that a saint should not marry an infidel, that a Christian should not be joined to a Mohammedan, a wise man should not choose a foolish woman for his life companion, because there exists between the saint and the infidel a wide gulf of opposing beliefs which will prevent their becoming as one. There is also a gulf between the Mohammedan and the Protestant, and between the wise and the foolish woman. Because of those wide differences there can be no unity of purpose. Show me a home without unity of purpose and I will show you a home in which there is unhappiness.

Love must not be lacking if you would have an "Ideal Home." By this Love I don't mean that narrow, shallow, hair-brained statement, "I'm crazy about you," but I mean the practice of the Golden Rule and not, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Love means understanding, for it has been rightly said, "Where there is perfect understanding there is perfect love." No two persons can be friends long who will not forgive each other's misdoings. No two persons can be friends long who constantly suspect each other. If there is perfect love the Golden Rule will be practiced and thus you see love to be an important factor in making the home.

In order to have the best home possible I dare say that the husband and wife should make their fortune together, for when the finance is held by the man alone he says to his wife, "I've got the money you can do as you please." This same statement is hurled at the man when the woman holds the purse. Let them make their fortune together by sacrifice and undergoing hardships then they will be on an equal base and will realize themselves as one.

Last but not least of these fundamentals are children. Children make the life of the home. No broader smile has ever been seen than that of a father smiling on his first born son. Children furnish a common interest between the mother and father. Parents live for their children and not for themselves. Many of us cannot bear noisy children, but no man is a man until he has learned to endure their noise with pleasure. In my judgment nothing makes the home more real than children.

Normal Column

The following extract from a letter received recently by Miss Diney from Miss Lauda Whitt, will prove interesting to those who believe that an unaided one-room teacher can do more than follow in the old ruts.

Jeffersonville, Ky.

Nov. 10, 1916.

Dear Miss Diney:

We have fitted up a kitchen from our wood shed, we have a second hand cooking stove, given to us, and we had an ice cream supper to buy our utensils and we have a fireless cooker all made except the lid. We do not cook every day but have cooked several warm lunches.

The boys have just about finished a glass doored bookcase of which we are very proud.

We are very anxious to make soup this winter and we would like to have some soup receipts if you could send them to us, also how to make hot drinks as cocoa, etc.

We are country folks and not handy to fresh beef or mutton, so that kind of soup would be hard for us to get or make.

We are planning to have a Thanksgiving entertainment also a dinner and would be glad to have any suggestion you have for us.

I imagine you have about all you care to do. But try to get time to write me.

Perhaps you could get off and come out to be with us Thanksgiving. Miss Parker I think is coming.

Wishing you lots of happiness, I am, Sincerely,

Lauda Whitt.

Miss Mabel Chang, whose present address is 166 Yamashita Clio, Yokohama, Japan, writes that she is enjoying the Japanese "talking movies," though she cannot understand the language. She is sure, however, that they are "very good."

Miss Helen Fairchild of Magoffin County writes of her work as follows:

"I have had very good success so far, but my attendance is rather low now considering the pretty weather. We are getting ready for Thanksgiving now. Our agriculture class has been pretty flourishing—my oldest boys made a seed corn tester; we have been grafting some, etc. We also have a sand table which furnishes quite a little enjoyment for the youngsters. Our flower garden was a source of pleasure until the frost bit it and now we have it sowed in wheat.

My Sunday-school ran along pretty nicely for a while but now it seems a blank failure. Some times I get very much discouraged and feel as if some one else could arouse more interest than I, but I'm still living in hopes that I may some day, be able to touch the people with whom I come in contact."

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

The words given below are correctly spelled in the shorter form, according to the National Educational Association Committee on simplified spelling.

Twelve Words

tho for though
altho for although
thru for through
thruout for throughout
thoro for thorough
thorofore for thoroughfare
thoroly for thoroughly
catalog for catalogue
decalog for decalogue
pedagog for pedagogue
program for programme
prolog for prologue

These spellings are recognized as good usage by the leading American dictionaries—Century, Standard, Webster's.

Rule for the Ending -ed

Pronoun t

Use -t where the change will not suggest a wrong pronunciation.

Examples: askt, dropt, fixt, promist, wisht; reducing a final double to a single consonant, as blest, kist, past, stult and -ced to -st, as announced, pronounced; but NOT bakt for baked, hopt for hoped, deduct or dedust for deduced, etc.

It is in the lungs that our blood becomes red. Before it gets there it is of a dark purple color.

Send a Thanksgiving Box.

A Thanksgiving box of good things is acceptable to almost any one who does not make one of a family group on Thanksgiving day. While teachers and students in boarding schools and colleges are usually associated with these boxes from home, the young man or woman in business with a boarding house for a home will be quite as appreciative of such a remembrance as any one else. For the woman keeping house in a small apartment a well stocked Thanksgiving box is a real joy and furnishes the wherewithal for a festivity worthy of the name of Thanksgiving.

Foundation Column

Miss Gertrude Smith spent the week end with friends at Wallace-ton.

Miss Leona Evans visited friends at Big Hill Saturday and Sunday.

UNITED CHAPEL

United Chapel was Addressed Thursday Morning by Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, of the Methodist Church

Bishop Hughes said in part:

"I have been asked by college students three questions pertaining to the financial side of a college education.

"Where shall I get the money to pay for a college education?

"If I take a college course will I be losing four years from the wage earning period of my life?

"If I take a college course will I increase my ability to be a wage earner?

"Answering the first question: In the first place I advise you to get all the money you can from your father and mother. The fact that so many of our great men have earned their way thru college is no reason that we should sacrifice just in order to do the same. However, there is no able bodied young man in our country who cannot get an education if he has the other prerequisites. For instance, grit is needed as much as money. If you have grit, the fidelity, the courage, etc., and health you can get an education.

Answering the second question: What if you lose four years from the wage earning period of your life? One of my friends in Boston was working at six dollars a week in East Boston. Little, Brown & Co., the great Boston publishers, offered him three dollars a week. Immediately the East Boston publishers offered him a raise to nine dollars a week. In consideration of the two positions he saw that the best salary paid by the East Boston firm was fifteen dollars a week, while in Little, Brown & Co., there was no limit to what could be earned. This young man had the foresight to look ahead and accepted the position with Little, Brown & Co. Only a month ago I rode in his limousine, and at present he is a member of the firm of Little, Brown & Co. It may be a similar sacrifice to lose four years from your wage earning period of life.

Answering the third question: By accepting certain professions of educated men you forever stamp your foot on the ambition to be a millionaire. I shall assure the members of the faculty that they shall never become wealthy as long as they stay in their profession. The young man who enters the ministry forever turns his back on the largest salaries. May I ask you a few questions in History? Who was the wealthiest man in Greece at the time when Homer was writing his immortal Iliad, not considering kings? Who was the wealthiest man in Rome at the time St. Paul was laying the foundation for the great Christian Church? Who was the richest man in Germany at the time Luther, the great reformer, was attracting the attention of the world to his religious zeal and truths? Coming down to our own history, who was the richest man in the American Colonies at the time George Washington lived? Some may answer George Washington himself; others Peter Faneuil, and more, Robert Morris. However these men do not live in our memory of Americans, because of the wealth they accumulated, but because of their noble and unselfish deeds. No man has ever, or will ever, stand on the pages of History because of riches.

However, let me give you a few facts on the third question. The average boy, with a grade education, earns \$400 a year. The average boy, who completes a high school course, earns \$1100 a year. The average man, who holds a college diploma, earns \$1800. You see that each step gives an increase of \$700. If the students work for forty years with this gain per year, his high school course or college degree will be worth \$28,000 to him. In other words every year that you spend in the Academy or College you earn \$7,000, and you do not know what you do."

The largest single dock inclosed by artificial walls in Great Britain is at Newport, Monmouthshire. Its total water area is 110 acres, and its dimensions are 4,000 feet long by practically 1,000 feet wide.

The flowers of the foxglove plant resemble the fingers of a glove. The term foxglove is said to be a corruption of the term "folk's glove" or "fairy's glove."

THANKSGIVING



Then I'll Come Back to You

By LARRY EVANS

Author of
"Once to Every Man"

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CHAPTER XX.

It Happens in Books.

It is said that men remember many things when death is imminent, and for days and days something had been dying hard in Stephen O'Mara's breast. His step was slow that afternoon when he drew apart to take up his position alone upon a bit of higher ground, his shoulders heavy and drooping, yet his brain was feverishly active.

They came slowly at first—Wickersham's logs—thudding heavily, one by one, into the underplannings of the bridge, sliding free or lodging cross current, as the case might be, then in a thicker and thicker tide that ground and up ended and settled with the weight of the coffee colored flood behind it. In the beginning the handful of men who had put those timbers into place set themselves doggedly to save their completed structure until the man who had worked with them shoulder to shoulder through the night called them with a nod back to the bank. Obediently then they collected in a small knot behind him, murmurous, gutturally grumbling.

The coming of Wickersham's men was not a thing of degrees. They poured into view through the brush fringe at the north edge of the marsh and halted, but only for an instant.

"Who is your friend at the time when you need a friend? Harrigan, that's me!"

"Harrigan, that's me!" And there came a lull in the valley at Thirty Mile, broken only by heavy breathing and the crunch of logs jamming beneath the bridge and the ugly swirl of backed up water.

And then Harrigan stood forth. Long arms dangling, palms back, almost to his knees, that red headed one mined forward on the balls of his feet. Harrigan was redeeming a promise many weeks overdue. It was spring, and Harrigan had come back!

"I'm here," he spoke to that bowed head, "if you are after carin' to welcome me!"

"I've been expecting you, Harrigan." Again that startling mildness.

There is little wonder that it deceived the riverman. Listening, watching O'Mara's slack form, even Fat Joe's face burned, even Archie Wickersham's dared flash in triumph. And Harrigan's went savagely exultant.

"You talked out loud to me once," he taunted. "Is it so difficult you find it now to speak up so I can hear?"

"Would you promise to listen to argument, Harrigan?"

Villification tore at the other's lips until friend and enemy marveled at what Steve took in silence.

"You have begun many things in this country," the long tirade ended. "You came out of these woods with rags on your back and started at beln' a gentleman when we were only boys. You've made a great success av it with the ladies, we'll grant you that. But you should have stuck to your soft and lily white pastime, for when you aimed to turn this river into a gentleman's proposition you started something too big for you to finish. I'm taking it off your hands now. Can't you even talk back like a man?"

"Maybe you are right, Harrigan," Steve said. "You may be—I do not know. I have started big things and left them unfinished. But you are wrong for the rest of it, Harrigan, for I am going—to—finish—you!"

Like a blast of wrath O'Mara lifted and struck him. Harrigan's hands had not left his hips before he met the ground, and he was back on his feet like a bounding ball, only to go down again before the smashing impact of those blows. Caution he tried to use in rising, and they searched out his face, his chin, and drove him hither and yon. Open fighting was not the

river style of fighting, and he closed this time and wrapped his gorilla arms about this fury who fought with lightning strokes to keep him off. His greater weight overbore them both. He broke away, and his hobnailed boots lashing out bit the flesh of O'Mara's temple—they tore the turf where his face had been.

There was madness in Harrigan's hideous roarings of hate, madness in his blind rushes, and his bull strength availed at first. He weathered destruction and managed to close again. This time the lighter man was ready for the scuff of those armed boots. He twisted and covered his face with his shoulder, and only his shirt ripped open to let blood stream from the rent. On their feet they rocked—to their knees! Faces grinding into the earth, they strained and broke away. And always Harrigan came back and found him blindly. Once his hairy hands searched O'Mara's face, and O'Mara's forehead went wet with the agony of fingers tearing at his eyesockets. Drooping, he escaped that gouging grip. Coming up, he caught Harrigan's chin and turned him over backward.

Harrigan squandered his strength in drunken rushes, his breath in screams of hate. And now Steve was laughing aloud. He knew that she was watching, knew what loathing was in her eyes. And he—he was a riverman! Sobbing for air, dripping crimson from forehead and shoulder, he set himself and swung from the waist. Like a pole axed ox Harrigan stopped as he was lurching in. His mouth sagged; his eyes flew wide in a fixed and stupid stare. Then his legs folded under him and he swayed limply down. But that blast of wrath would not let him lie! It raised him and beat him down again; raised him and beat him down again; raised him and beat him down again. By his throat Steve swung him up—by throat and buckled belt. High over his head he swung that bulk and lashed forward from his heels. And Harrigan went back to his panting followers. Twisting and spinning, his body swept Shayne and Fallon to the ground.

Allison had not stirred, nor putty faced Wickersham, nor the girl who stood with hands at breasts. And now toward them Stephen O'Mara wheeled. His legs would fall him, and he steadied them. Blood blinded him, and he wiped it away. Swaying giddily, he managed somehow a smile.

"Wickersham, I have met the man whom you hired to fight for you," he called clearly, "and he has earned his wage! Are you man enough to step forward now and fight for yourself?"

Wickersham clucked drily in his throat and lifted an elbow to shield his face. Shrinking back behind the first shelter that chance afforded him, he put the girl between him and his fear. And then weakness seized upon that sick and swaying man, but he spoke to her—to the unspeakable horror in her eyes.

"Barbara," he called thickly, "Barbara!"

He groped toward her, and she cried out and drew back from such hands as those. Then a black wall rose before him and shut her from his sight. Fat Joe caught him as he fell.

Like huddled sheep O'Mara's men and Wickersham's watched Joe bear

without a leader until, as is the way in all crises, a new leader arose. Big Louie, stolid face no longer stolid, strode between those two factions and achieved the unknown heights for which his eyes had always hungered.

"I work for no man but is a man!" he boomed. "That bridge—she still is hold!"

Steve had bidden Hardwick Elliott watch these men if their big moment ever came. And Elliott and Allison watched now. They were sheep no longer nor malcontents nor misled tools of cunning. Like wolves they followed that nameless man who was out upon the jam Wickersham's men were back on the river, but that bridge would continue to hold. And while they worked, while Elliott and her father watched spellbound, blindly Barbara Allison turned, with no thought of what she was doing, and walked into the brush.

The river was running clear by dusk when they raised the first hue and cry for her. It was dark when a runner bore the news to the cabin on the hillside that she was missing. And when men had been beating the woods for her for twelve hours as best they could in the dark and no word came that she was found Fat Joe no longer dared let lie in sleep his friend, whose body he had cleansed and bandaged. At daybreak Joe waked him and told him Barbara was lost. They tried to argue with him, for his knees were still unsteady. Even Allison, whose jovial body seemed to have shrunk during his hours of waiting, tried to convince him that the men now looking for her would find her soon or had already found her perhaps. But he brushed them away while he was dressing. He threw off the hands that tried to detain him. And it was Steve who found her, as he had known it would be, just before a second night of dread was closing in upon her.

In circles of ever increasing radius he traveled at a fox trot, which thoughts of Fallon and Shayne and



He Carried Her Now to That Cabin Which Stood on the Balsam Knoll.

Harrigan would not let him abandon. But he had run her down when he caught sight of her, for she fled like a wild thing before him. Floundering in a cedar swamp, soaked to the knees, little blue befurled suit heavy with black muck, he came up with her. She was kneeling, shaking with terror, face hidden by her loosened hair, when he bent over her and raised her to her feet.

"Please," she whimpered, "oh, please!"

Yet when he spoke her name her head leaped back, and she recognized him instantly.

"I tried to wait," she chattered with all the voice she had left. "I tried to sit still until some one came for me, but I thought I knew the way. I tried not to listen to the noises. I remembered about the stars, and I knew I shouldn't run. But I thought you were—I thought you were!"

Remembered terror choked her. Consciousness slipped away.

By the same trail which once had led him to the "city" of Morrison he carried her now to that cabin which stood on the balsam knoll in the crook of the west branch.

His head was spinning from fatigue and the throb of the jagged tear above his temple when the log building, streaked white with clay chinking, loomed up ahead, and yet involuntarily he stopped there a moment with his burden.

He had pictured many times a night

when he should bring her there, with both of them watching the moon in the rapids and listening to the waves lipping the banks. This was not that night. That night would never be. But the rebellion and bitterness were gone from his heart. After he had removed her wet shoes and stockings and brushed her wet suit and sheer black blouse and she slept the sleep of exhaustion into which she had slipped from unconsciousness without even opening her eyes he built a fire and sat before it until morning came. And when it dawned and she waked dazedly while he was preparing breakfast he had finished reconstructing many things.

Her eyes went from wall to wall, frightened still and questioning at first, so he merely nodded and went outside and left her to remember alone. Returning with wood on his arm, he found recollection of much in her gaze. She was looking at the thin healed, buttoned boots before the fireplace, the stockings and furred garments cleaned of mud and dried on the backs of chairs. A cloud of color stole up from the blanket edge at her throat to the line of her hair.

"You were wet," he explained simply, "and you were too spent to help yourself. I could not let you sleep in them."

"I understand," her answer faltered a little. "I was just thinking. I knew such things happened, but I thought it was only in books."

Drowsily she watched him bending over frying pan and coffee pot, content herself to lie and rest. But after a time, with fuller awakening, the bandage about his head claimed her attention. To her it seemed impossible that this smoothly shaven man in clean blue shirt could be the same one who had emerged from a struggle still sickeningly brutish to her. Involuntarily she shuddered a little without knowing that he watched.

"I am going to the spring for fresh water," he told her then. "There will be time for you to dress, and breakfast will be ready when I come back."

Submissive before his tone she replied that she was hungry; that she would be ready too. She had donned blouse and skirt and stockings and shoes and finished braiding her hair when he re-entered. He showed her a tin basin outside filled with icy water for her face and hands. And then they sat down in silence to breakfast.

"I told you that you would find out some day," Barbara murmured finally. "I warned you you would wake suddenly and see how shallow I am."

"Waking has been no sudden thing with me. I finished with dreams a long time back, but you are what you have been always in my thoughts. It's conditions I've waked to, not you!"

With unwitting gruffness he had sometimes spoken to her, but never with such constrained vehemence.

"Why should I find fault in anything you have done or failed to do?" he demanded of both her and himself.

"Why should you be apologetic or regretful? Such a thing as I had to do two days ago has held no place in your world and never could, but I can't find it in myself to be apologetic, either, because it is a part of mine. I meant to kill him—wanted to kill him—because I was certain of your scorn! That was vindictive; that was foolish for a man. But as for the rest of it—I know I may have it all to do over again any day. It was a vulgar brawl to you; to me—"

"Not just a brawl," she contradicted quickly, anxious to be understood. "Just—oh, so needlessly brutal. At first it left me only dazed and nauseated, but after I had had time to think I made myself see your side of it. You must crush insubordination. And still it seems as though there might have been a less horrible way."

"He had balked my work," he told her sternly. "He has fired upon me from cover when he dared not come out into the open. He has been taking money for his work from a man who was bent on beating me at any cost. Could I ask him please not to spoil my bridge? Is that your idea of a man's way? This is my work, and while I continue in it men who oppose me with their brains I will fight with my brain. But men who force me to meet them with fists I must beat with like weapons. There is no alternative. I have no choice—unless I quit. And that is the reason I know that this is the end for you and me! My ways would have had to be your ways, and we have learned at last what I have feared for long and long. They lie too far apart for them ever to meet."

"I promised to teach you to love me, and I've failed. And knowing that my failure is not all my own fault is

not going to make it any easier for me. You've taught me loneliness I'm never going to forget as long as I live, but I don't love you any the less for that. I dreamed big dreams for both of us."

His voice was dreary of a sudden. "I promised I'd make those dreams come true, because I thought my life could be your life. I've not done so. That thing could never be. I've talked bigger than I could practice, and that is not going to help my self confidence any, but as it stands now I can earn it back. I couldn't have done that if I had married you and waked some day to find you shrinking from me. It would have killed it and my self respect, too, to have learned too late that you believed still in your own greater fitness."

"I tell you it is not that!" she cried out. "Can't I make you understand?" "You have made me understand that I am sure," he stated. "I am no longer vexing myself with trivial things. You have been uncertain. I have seen that. You are certain now. And the fundamental thing remains unchanged. In me there is that man who once handled Harrigan—and you didn't want me to touch you! You don't have to tell me any more that you can't love me. When you drew away from me, that was enough."

She sat and watched him put the room in order, and that hurt her more than anything else, for he would not let her help. He made her change her high heeled boots for moccasins, which he brought and laced upon her feet. But the remainder of the day it was the old Steve who helped her over the bad bits of going and talked disconnectedly of many things meanwhile. And yet no longer the old Steve, who had been so entirely her own. Hers was the sad face when they entered the clearing at Thirty Mile, and a hoarse shout saluted her return. In her father's embrace she clung and wondered that she did not cry. And two pages had turned for her that day, for she sent Wickersham back his ring the same night the private car rolled down to Morrison.

Harrigan was with Archibald Wickersham when the package, unaccompanied by explanation, reached the latter in his hotel room in town. "Go out and get him," said Wickersham. "And see that you get him—for good."

(To be continued)

THE PILGRIMS' THANKS.

They "Found Ye Lord to Be With Them in All Their Ways."

The aboriginal American Thanksgiving, parent of innumerable festivals of gratitude and rejoicing in the course of nearly 300 years, is perhaps familiar, but it deserves recollection now that Thanksgiving is with us. It was in Plymouth as the end of that first toilsome and dangerous year drew on. In September they had sent their "shalop to the Massachusetts, with ten men, and Squanto for their guide and interpreter, to discover and view that bay, and trade with the natives, the which they performed and found kind entertainment." Boston was a hospitable place, we perceive, long before there was any Common on the slopes of the Beacon hill. And the Bay was already a place to be envied for residence: "They returned in safety, and brought home a good quantity of beaver, and made report of the place, wishing they had been there seated (but it seems ye Lord, who assigns to all men ye bounds of their habitations, had appointed it for another use). And thus they found ye Lord to be with them in all their ways, and to bless their outgoings and incomings, for which let his holy name have ye praise forever, to all posterity."

This was the spirit of remembering and foreboding gratitude in which Governor Bradford brooded on the project of a common time of thanksgiving. The harvest time had fully come. "They began now to gather in ye small harvest they had and to fit up their houses and dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength, and had all things in good plenty; for as some were thus employed in affairs abroad, others were exercised in fishing, stoutly codd and bass and other fish, of which they took good store, of which every family had their portion. All the summer there was no want. And now began to come in store of fowls, as winter approached, of which this place did abound when they first came (but afterward de-

Thanksgiving Ode

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves.
Her lap is full of goodly things;
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!

The bounty overruns our dross;
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, and flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden fair
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot today?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom
Or sighs for dainties far away
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank heaven, instead, that freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

Causes For Thankfulness.

It is worth while in this Thanksgiving season to contemplate the marvelous privileges enjoyed by all people in such a land as America—not simply that plenty of all abundances, that labor is employed, that harvests are abundant, that prosperity sings the song of contentment and hope, but that all things are working together for the betterment of the conditions affecting the well being of mankind.—Chancellor S. B. McCormick, Pittsburgh.

Two Kinds of Turkey.

There are two kinds of turkey, the North American and the smaller and more brilliant bird found in Guatemala, Honduras, etc. The northern wild turkey is now almost extinct, and the southern wild turkey is rare.

Reason Enough!

An American you and don't know why
You should give thanks, you say!
If you lack for words, just go outside
And simply yell "Hooray!"

creased by degrees). And beside waterfowl, there was great store of wild turkeys, of which they took many, besides venison, &c. Beside this had about a peck of meal a week to a person, or now, since harvest, Indian corn to 37 proportion." No great reserve, one may think, against the bitter days of cold to come, pitifully small indeed in comparison with the holding of a single modern prairie "elevator" with its stores of wheat, but enough to form the basis of a very real Thanksgiving.



He Set Himself and Swung From the Waist.

him up the hill. Shayne and Fallon were bending over Harrigan; by the others he lay ignored. It was a mob

LOCAL PAGE

NEWS OF BEREA AND VICINITY, GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

BRECK & EVANS
RICHMOND, KY.
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT,
AND LIVE STOCK
INSURANCE
See the New Life Policy.

We Sell Hats and sell them right.
Mrs. Laura Jones. Ad-26.

Miss Mary Claggett of Fairfax, S. Dakota, arrived last week for a visit at her uncle's, G. E. Porter's, and with other friends in town.

Miss Edna Early was in Lexington last Thursday for a short visit.

Mrs. Bowers of Elk Park, N. C., came last Thursday for a visit with her two daughters, Orlia and Jessie, who are in the Academy Department.

Mrs. Duncan of Louisville, who has spent several weeks in Berea in previous winters, is a pleasant guest in our midst again.

Mr. and Mrs. Kidd Richardson and little daughter and Frank Wheeler were guests of Mrs. W. H. Duncan for luncheon Monday.

Mrs. Jane Martin of Big Hill has been visiting relatives in Berea and vicinity.

E. G. Walker of Cincinnati was a visitor here over Sunday.

George Dick and mother have returned from a visit in Hamilton, O., where they visited relatives and friends.

Miss Bertha Robinson and Mrs. Jennie Fish motored to Richmond Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bower spent Sunday in Parksville visiting his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bower.

Mrs. Maria Kerby, who has been here visiting E. T. Fish and family and others, returned to her home in Lancaster Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pow and daughters, Jean and Annabel, of Burch, W. Va., came here Tuesday to spend the winter. Mr. Pow is employed in Burch, W. Va. He will later return to his work.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Duncan and children were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Orris Moore Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Roebuck and little son, Albert, left Tuesday for Rockford, O., where they will spend Thanksgiving with his mother, Mrs. Roebuck, and other relatives.

Mrs. Nannie Brannaman returned from Brush Creek Saturday. She was called there on account of her daughter, Mrs. Jack Laswell's illness.

Miss Marie Bower returned home Wednesday of last week from a visit in Cincinnati.

Mrs. W. H. Duncan was shopping in Richmond Wednesday.

H. E. Bingham was with home folks Monday.

Estill Jones is at home this week.

H. C. Faulkner of Hazard was a Berea visitor Thursday.

Miss Bertha Olmstead underwent an operation for throat trouble during the latter part of the week, from which she is recovering rapidly.

J. B. Richardson has moved his stock of goods from his old stand in the Herndon building to the room next to A. B. Cornett's grocery, formerly occupied by Mrs. Early. He will be glad to greet his old friends and customers in his new place of business.

The Academy girls defeated the Foundation girls, on Monday, in a lively game of captain ball to the tune of 30 to 10.

William Pow of Adams, Mass., has recently moved to Berea. He will occupy a part of the Lester house on Chestnut street and be employed in Welch's Department Stores.

Mr. and Mrs. John Welch spent the early part of the week in Iowa.

Miss Merry, head nurse at the Robinson Hospital, who has been seriously ill, is reported to be improving.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

The annual Thanksgiving meeting of the Christian Endeavor of the Union Church was held Sunday night. The topic was "The Grace of Giving." The leaders were Misses Katherine Harwood, Mae Johnson and Mary Wertenberger. The discussion was enthusiastic and the talks of the leaders inspirational. A violin solo by Pedro Arbello was a rare treat.

Just to remind you of the C. E. meeting to be held at 6:15 in the Union Church on next Sunday night. Glen Edgecomb has for his discussion: "The Consecration of Business Life." Come and hear what he has to say, and let him hear what you have to say.

MISS BRANDENBURG

Miss Sudie Brandenburg died at her home on Third street last Friday night. The remains were taken to Heidelberg for burial. Deceased was a most excellent lady who was highly esteemed by all who knew her. She will be greatly missed by her relatives and friends. She is survived by three sisters: Miss Lucy Brandenburg of this city, Mrs. Henry Reynolds of Berea, and Mrs. Absher of Booneville; and by two brothers, Lewis and Henry Brandenburg of Heidelberg.

—Richmond Pantagraph.

CITY BOARD OF EQUALIZATION

At the last meeting of the City Council, the following persons were appointed on the Board of Equalization for Berea: J. D. Clarkston, J. B. Richardson and W. O. Hayes. Dr. Wm. G. Best will act as clerk of the Board. They will meet the first Monday in December and continue their sessions until all questions of valuation of property for city taxation have been adjusted.

FOR SALE

One set carpenter's tools complete with workbench.
Ad-22 W. E. Vale

FOR SALE

Mammoth Bronze Turkeys, thoroughbred; prices reasonable.
Mrs. Luther Todd, Coyle, Ky.
Berea Telephone, line 9. ad. 28.

HOW TO GET WINTER EGGS
In order to obtain winter eggs it is necessary to have healthy, vigorous stock, properly fed, and a good dry place for them to stay in at night.

See that the fowls have plenty of green feed. Always sow a patch of rye for the chickens, or better still, have a mixture of oats, rye, and clover sown together.

Have a place for the chickens to scratch. Put the wheat, corn and oats in straw and let them scratch for it. This will give them plenty of exercise and help to keep them warm.

Give one pint of grain feed to each dozen birds twice a day, and just before going to roost allow them to have a hot mash made by cooking some vegetables, such as turnips and cabbage, and also using the table scraps, such as cold bits of meats, etc., and mixing this with bran.

Have a comfortable house for the fowls. The sides, top and back must be tight. Have the door facing the south, and see that the floor is dry at all times. In order to have healthy fowls the house should be cleaned out as often as once a week.
—Mrs. P. P. Mull, in Southern Agriculturalist.

Gender of Garlic.

"Why is garlic masculine gender?" asked the man who markets. "It must be masculine because the green grocers I buy from call it 'he.' They are mostly Italians and ought to know the sex of garlic if anybody does. Of all the vegetables and aromatic herbs I buy garlic is the only one to which masculine virtues are ascribed. Everything else is neuter. To call garlic 'it' would be an insult. The garlic, he is fresh, he is fine, he is cheap, he is dear. Funny, isn't it?"—New York Times.

THANKSGIVING

Long, long ago, when to this land,
The Pilgrims came, a wand'ring band
Of seekers for the place,
Where they might happy live,
Free from the tyrant race,
And God his worship give,
As they saw fit.

The bleak New England shore, then gave
A stormy welcome and a wintry grave
To many a heart though stout and brave,
—A tried and faithful band.

But when the store of fruit and grain,
On Autumn's days, was garnered in,
To God they gave the praise,
In festival and song,
On high their voice did raise
With prayer and psalm strong
In glad Thanksgiving.

From out their store they brought their best,
The nuts and game, with cheerful jest,
And laugh, they added to the rest
In bountiful supply.

The Indian too brought forth his maize,
And with them joined his voice in praise,
In loving thanks to God,
For His great love and care,
For health, and home and food,
For Freedom's glorious air,
And Him, who gave.

As there in days long, long gone by,
Our fathers did, so now we cry,
And lift our praise to God on high,
Our Father, too, and Lord.

We give our thanks for country's might,
For Autumn's bounteous delight,
For Freedom's banner bright,
That floats o'er sea and main,
For Justice too and Right,
O'er all this wide domain.

We pray the world's wild wars will cease,
And all shall live in loving peace,
Till Time shall bring a glad release,
And Heaven's great Thanksgiving.

—Catherine L. Robertson.

THE HIGHER FELLOWSHIP
(Songs of the Average Man)
Are you one of my gang?
Yes, you're one of my gang.

The same job is yours and mine,
To fix up the earth,
And so forth and so forth,
And make its dull emptiness shine.

The world is unfinished; let's mould it a bit
With pickaxe and shovel and spade;
We are gentlemen delvers, the gentry of brawn,
And to make the world over our trade.

And I love the sweet sound of our pickaxes' clang,
I'm glad to be with you. You're one of my gang.

Are you one of my crew?
Yes, you're one of my crew,
And we steer by the same pilot star,
On a trip that is long
And through storms that are strong;

But we sail for a port that is far.
O, the oceans are wide,—and we're glad they are wide,
And we know not the thitherward shore.

But we never have sailed from the Less to the Less
But forever from More to the More.
And we deem that our dreams of far islands are true.
Let us spread every sail. You are one of my crew.

You belong to my club?
Yes, you're one of my club,
And this is our programme and plan:
To each do his part
To look into the heart
And get at the good that's in man.

Detectives of virtue and spies of the good
And sleuth-hounds of righteousness we.
Look out there, my brother! we're hot on your trail.
We'll find out how good you can be.

We would drive from our hearts the snake, tiger and cub;
We're the Lodge of the Lovers.
You're one of my club.

Do you go to my school?
Yes, you go to my school,
And we've learned the big lesson,—
Be strong!

And to front the loud noise
With a spirit of poise
And drown down the noise with a song.

We have spelled the first line in the Primer of Fate;
We have spelled it, and dare not to shirk—
For its first and its greatest commandment to men
Is, "Work, and rejoice in your work."

Who is learned in this Primer will not be a fool—
You are one of my classmates. You go to my school.

You belong to my church?
Yes, you go to my church,

CLOSING OUT

Our entire stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats
at extremely low prices—Come and see.

Gott Brothers

The Cash Store

Main Street

Berea, Kentucky

Berea College Calendar

December

1. Friday:
9:30-9:50 a.m. Department Conferences.
6:30-7:30 p.m. Vesper Socials, Calls.
7:40-9:10 p.m. Department Faculties: (7:40 Roll Call; 9:10 Adjournment). Business to be arranged by Deans.
2. Saturday:
9:30-9:50 a.m. United Chapel.
6:30-7:30 p.m. Free Vesper Hour.
7:30-9:30 p.m. Literary Societies.
3. Sunday: 9:45-10:45 a.m. College Sunday School.
3:30-4:00 p.m. Open Air Services, Knight.
6:15-7:15 p.m. Young Peoples' Meetings.
7:30-8:30 p.m. Chapel Worship; Upper Chapel, Roberts; Main Chapel, Raine.
4. Monday: Free Day.
6:30-7:30 p.m. Band Practice.
5. Tuesday:
9:30-9:50 a.m. Department Conferences.
7:00-8:00 p.m. Harmonia, Choral Classes.

6. Wednesday:
9:30-9:50 a.m. Department Conferences.
3:50-5:30 p.m. Cabinet.
6:30-7:30 p.m. Free Vesper Hour.
7:30-9:00 p.m. Prudential Committee.
7:30-9:00 p.m. Anniversary, College Prohibition League.
7. Thursday:
9:30-9:50 a.m. Divided Chapel: Upper Chapel, Rumold; Main Chapel, Hunt.
3:50-5:30 p.m. Prudential Committee.
6:30-7:30 p.m. Dormitory Prayer Meetings.
7:30-8:30 p.m. Church Prayer Meeting.
8. Friday:
9:30-9:50 a.m. Department Conferences.
6:30-7:30 p.m. Vesper Socials, Calls, Vesper Exhibitions.
7:40-9:10 p.m. General Faculty: (7:40 Roll Call; 9:10 Adjournment). Topic: Resources of the Library; Raine, Robertson, Welsh, Edwards, Ranson; Report of Commission on Rural Community Centers.
9. Saturday:
Visitors' Day for Training School.
9:30-9:50 a.m. United Chapel.

Attention! Farmers

We are wanting 1½ x 2 AB
and CD Split Hickory Buggy
Spokes. For Prices, Call at
Our Office or Write

Standard Wheel Co.

Ad-27 Berea, Ky.

Our names on the same old church roll—
The tide-waves of God
We believe are abroad
And flow into the creeks of each soul.
And the vessel we sail in is strong
as the sea
That buffets and blows it about;
For the sea is God's sea as the ship
is God's ship,
So we know not the meaning of doubt,
And we know, howsoever the vessel
may lurch.
We've a Pilot to trust in. You go to
my church.
—Samuel Walter Foss.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Nannie Baugh, etc., Plaintiffs,
vs.

Jennie Smith Green, etc., Defendants.
As directed by a judgment and order of sale entered in the above-styled action at the October term, 1916, of the Madison Circuit Court, the undersigned or his deputy will on Monday, December 11th, 1916, at or about 10 o'clock a.m., sell to the highest and best bidder on the premises near Berea, Kentucky, the following property:

About 46 acres of land in Madison County, on the head-waters of Silver Creek and on the southwest side of Berea and Scaffold Cane pike, adjoining lands of J. M. Baker, T. J. Hazelwood, John Davis, J. M. Hart, etc.

Terms: Equal credits of six and twelve months, purchaser to execute bonds with approved security, bearing six per cent interest from day of sale and secured by lien retained on the land.

J. J. Greenleaf,
Ad-23 Master Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Lou Moore's Heirs, Plaintiffs,
vs.

Lou Moore's Heirs, Defendants.
As directed by a judgment and order of sale entered in the above styled action at the October term, 1916, of the Madison Circuit Court, the undersigned will on Saturday, December 2, 1916, at or about 2:00 o'clock p.m. sell to the highest and best bidder on the premises the following property: 26.5 acres of land in Madison County, Kentucky, on the waters of Walnut Meadow branch of Paint Lick Creek and the L & N Railroad, adjoining the lands of Alex Moore, Lafayette Moore and J. K. Baker.

Terms: Equal credits of 6 and 12 months, purchaser to execute bonds with approved security, bearing 6 per cent interest from date of sale and secured by lien retained on the land.

J. J. Greenleaf,
Ad-22 Master Commissioner.

Fish's
Millinery Sale

Is still on
and will
continue
thru the
holidays

Here I am back at my old stand
"Good Things to Eat"

I am glad to announce to my friends and former customers that I have bought out Gaines and Higgs
Come in and see me and I will treat you right

A. B. CORNETT

Phone 92 Berea, Kentucky

Big Thanksgiving

Clearance Sale

AT

B. E. BELUE COMPANY

Having bought out a big line of Coats and Suits this week, we will offer the grandest values ever presented to the people of this county. Our line of Millinery, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, and Novelty Goods will be included in this Value Saving Sale.

B. E. BELUE COMPANY

Cor. Collins & Main Sts.

Richmond, Ky.



CIRCULATE THE
HOME DOLLAR
AT HOME!

It will then pass through many hands, help many
merchants and increase home prosperity.

A DOLLAR WELL SPENT IS
A DOLLAR SPENT HERE

Your investment in real estate today promises to your children what
your father's investment thirty years ago would have meant to you

A BARGAIN

83 acre Blue Grass Farm, three miles north of Berea, in good neighborhood. 30 acres in wheat; 12 acres in rye. Watered by good springs, and well fenced with wire. Small but neat new dwelling.

The price is only \$4800 on easy, long time payments

DEAN & STAFFORD

Office in Berea Bank and Trust Company Building

Berea

Kentucky



Frugality Benefit

A frugal person will exercise control over income and expenses so as to put aside something for future need

"Spend Less than You Earn"

and deposit the result of this frugality in an Interest Account in this Bank

BEREA BANK & TRUST CO.

Main Street, Berea, Kentucky

SMART PEOPLE BUY DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

FROM

OWEN McKEE

THERE IS A REASON

RICHMOND

KENTUCKY

The Citizen

A family newspaper for all that is right, true and interesting.

Published every Thursday at Berea, Ky.

BEREA PUBLISHING CO.

WM. G. FROST, Editor-in-Chief
C. H. WERTENBERGER, Managing Editor
F. O. BOWMAN, Assistant Manager

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Advertising rates on application.



KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION

No Whiskey Advertisements!
No Immodest News Items!

"SUBMIT THE AMENDMENTS"
(Continued From Page One)

ture the opinion that no statement made editorially or otherwise in said papers, will be commented on as this one will be. Surely no great daily newspaper will object to this on its statements regarding prohibition. Surely no newspaper which favors freedom of the press and free speech will refuse to let the people be heard. It is a vital question, first in importance in every phase of individual or national affairs.

State-wide is only a local term, to express the attitude of a state as a unit toward a world-wide question of morals. It is non-political. Its triumphs have been secured by a non-partisan vote in all places, from a voting precinct to an entire state. The list, up to date, includes half the states of the Union under pro-

hibition, with at least eighty per cent of the area under some form or other of prohibition. The men and women who have, step by step, and little by little, achieved these victories are non-partisan, and have pushed these campaigns for the good of the entire nation, and for every citizen alike. Truly, as the Times sees, remove this question and its evil influences from the political calendar and we shall see more clearly how to remedy some of our financial problems, our educational problems—yea, our religious problems.

No other evil, not excluding the national sin of African slavery in other days gone by, has so blighted, obstructed, and hindered our national prosperity as the diabolical reign of King Booze. Nothing so hampers and restrains spiritual growth and development of church and state as the deadening influence of intemperance. The citizens of this commonwealth should welcome this frank avowal of the necessity and duty of our Legislature to submit the question. It will come up in a higher legislative body than our own, and, bye and bye, we shall reluctantly bid our old enemy, John Barleycorn, not "au revoir," but good bye—and good bye for all time.

PLANT SOME FRUIT TREES THIS FALL

Don't overlook the orchard. It pays to grow fruit, as everybody likes it, and it is no trouble to sell. I have people to come six miles to my orchard for fruit to can or dry.

A little labor in the orchard adds greatly to the looks of the trees and prolongs their life. Try a few days in that old orchard this fall and winter.

If you have none, get busy and set one. Take pains to select good varieties and to set them properly. Trees set in dynamited holes will grow faster and bear much earlier.

J. L. Griffin.

—In Southern Agriculturist.

Mayme—Sure I used to go with him. Did you tell him I was going to be married? Grayce—I sure did. Mayme—Did he ask how soon? Grayce—No; he asked how long.

Berea National Bank

CAPITAL \$25,000

SURPLUS and PROFITS \$33,000

We cheerfully give our time to Customers when they call on us to discuss their own business affairs.

Safety Boxes for Rent.

JOHN L. GAY, Cashier

Day Telephone 278

Residence Telephone 66

RICHMOND HEATING & PLUMBING CO.

CLAY BUILDING, WEST MAIN STREET

Buyton's Domestic Supply Plants, Gas and Gasoline Engines, Sewer Pipe and Mill Supplies.

RICHMOND

KENTUCKY

VILLA'S AUTO HIT

BANDIT MOUNTS HIS STEED AND MAKES GET-AWAY—FIERCE BATTLE IN STREET

Of Chihuahua City, But Outlaws Are Chased—Losses on Both Sides Said To Be Heavy.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Chihuahua City, Mexico.—Francisco Villa's automobile, which was being used by him to direct his campaign against the Carranza troops, was struck by shell fire and was abandoned near Fresno, southwest of the city. The shell holes and bullet marks were plainly seen on the sides of the big automobile when it was found on the battle field after Villa abandoned it and rode away on horseback. The battle started soon after the telegraphic communication with Juarez was cut. The bandits' attack covered the entire southern front, with flanking operations to the east and west.

The most desperate fighting took place on Zarco avenue, within the city. The bandits threw their best equipped forces against the entrenchments, which had been thrown up across this street, and street fighting followed. The Villa forces made every possible effort to take these entrenchments, which were the key to the defenses of the city proper. The de facto infantry met these charges with counter charges and the battle waged back and forth in this narrow street until the Villa bandits were driven out of the mouth of the avenue onto the plains, where they were raked with machine-gun fire from the house tops, and the artillery fire which had supported effectively the infantry efforts.

HITS CARRIAGE AT CROSSING.

Kokomo, Ind.—Four men were killed here when a carriage in which they were riding was struck by a northbound Pennsylvania passenger train at the Vaile avenue crossing. The four men were crowded in a single-seated buggy, and drove directly in front of the oncoming train, the pilot of the engine striking the vehicle squarely in the middle.

MRS. INEZ BOISSEVAIN DIES.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain, New York suffrage leader, died at a local hospital. She was taken ill on the arrival here of the women's special train, which crossed the continent in the campaign for Chas. E. Hughes for the presidency.

WARNING SENT BY WARSHIPS.

New York.—German war submarines again are off the American coast. British war vessels patrolling these shores sent far-flung wireless messages of warning urging the merchant vessels of the Entente Powers to exercise every care. Similar warnings were sent out by the British naval base at Hamilton, Bermuda. The number of submarines in these waters is not known. The belief was generally expressed, however, that there must be at least half a dozen.

TEUTONS CLOSE IN ON BUCHAREST

(Continued From Page One)

Bucharest announced this, reporting also a Roumanian retirement a little to the east of the Topolog river, a tributary of the Alt on the east. This retreat apparently placed the important town of Rimnik, on the railroad from Craiova to Hermannstadt, in General von Falkenhayn's hands.

The threat on the north and northwest from the border masses east of the Alt is still being held in check by the Russo-Roumanian troops and on-tente military writers assume that the Russians are sending forces to help out the Roumanians defending the more immediate menace further south.

Sofia gives some details of the crossings of the Danube. The crossing at Zimnitsa was made by Bulgarian troops, who are said to have captured a large quantity of grain in the town. The Germans effected their crossing near the mouth of the Alt, occupying Isiac.

In Dobrudja, north of the Constanta-Tchernavoda line, the Russian advance appears to have come to a halt. The Bulgarian war office announces that the hostile forces which had been attacking have now entrenched before the Bulgarian positions.

Fighting on the Macedonian front has been less general on account of the bad weather, but the continued advance of the Italians, who are driving northwestward of Monastir, is reported by Paris. Sofia declares the Italians were repulsed in this region. A Bulgarian counter attack, northeast of Monastir in the Cerna river region, was repulsed, according to the French war office.

Berlin reports the complete repulse of allied attacks north of Monastir.

Seemingly there is no disposition on the part of either the British or the French to attack in force in the Somme region just at present. Extremely bad weather has been reported as prevailing on this front and such attacks as Berlin has recorded apparently have been local in character.

Swiss Unfavorably Impressed.

London, Nov. 28.—A Reuter's dispatch from Berne asserts that the federal council has instructed the Swiss minister of Berlin to notify the German government that the Belgian deportations have "unfavorably impressed Swiss public opinion."

\$85,000,000 Corporation Dissolves.

Thenton, N. J., Nov. 28.—The Distilling Company of America, an \$85,000,000 corporation with a New Jersey charter, filed articles of dissolution. The actual amount of stock issued is \$77,073,900.

Greek Cabinet My Quit.

Rome, Nov. 28.—Dispatches from Athens declare resignation of the cabinet is imminent.

"He was always trying to save himself trouble."

"And did he succeed?"

"Yes. He has saved up a whole lot more than he can take care of."—Washington Star.

Natives of Algeria bury with their dead all the medicines used in their last illness.

Possibilities of Philippines Great If Stable Government Is Maintained

By FORMER GOVERNOR DAVID I. WALSH of Massachusetts



From what I have seen in Japan, China and the Philippine islands, the climate, scenery and location of the Philippine islands is excelled by no place in the Orient. The Filipino people have the best face of any people in the Orient, and I believe they are the most promising race in the Orient.

I am confining my comparisons to the Orient because I believe it is generally recognized that the standards of progress and civilization are different here than in other parts of the world. The Filipinos have many splendid fundamental qualities which go to make up a successful race.

The great bulk of them are honest, God-fearing, industrious people. They are ambitious, too, and their desire for education is most commendable, and I doubt that there is today any people in the world willing to sacrifice as much to obtain knowledge.

The possibilities for future development of the islands are boundless. Nature has done so much that there seems to be nothing more required than the guiding hand of a strong government which will assist in the development of the resources and give assurance to the world that there is to be maintained there a stable government where property rights shall be protected and human life secured.

Man's Strength Must Be Judged by His Dominating Characteristics for Good

By WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS
Governor of Michigan

Evil has always existed and always will exist in a world where human vision is limited. Evil within limits is made justment. If humanity were in the grip of evil, man never could have risen from a state of barbarism to a state of civilization. I prefer to believe that there is a guiding hand in man's evolution. To accept the old-time theological notion that the devil is all-powerful would be to accept the crudest form of pessimism.

Man is to be measured by his best and highest expression of righteousness. Man is as strong as are his dominating characteristics for good. He is not as weak as his lowest impulses. The unprecedented war in Europe is an episode, not a finality. Human nature has yet to come to a realization of its own.

THE GRIP THAT HOLDS

Come around to our shop and let us equip your car with this Firestone—the tire of maximum mileage. You should have the Non-Skid tread for safety and a sure hold.

You should have the in-built Firestone extras that stand up against the grind.

Come in and test our prompt, efficient, courteous service. It will greatly increase your motoring pleasures. Our charges are reasonable; our work always reliable.

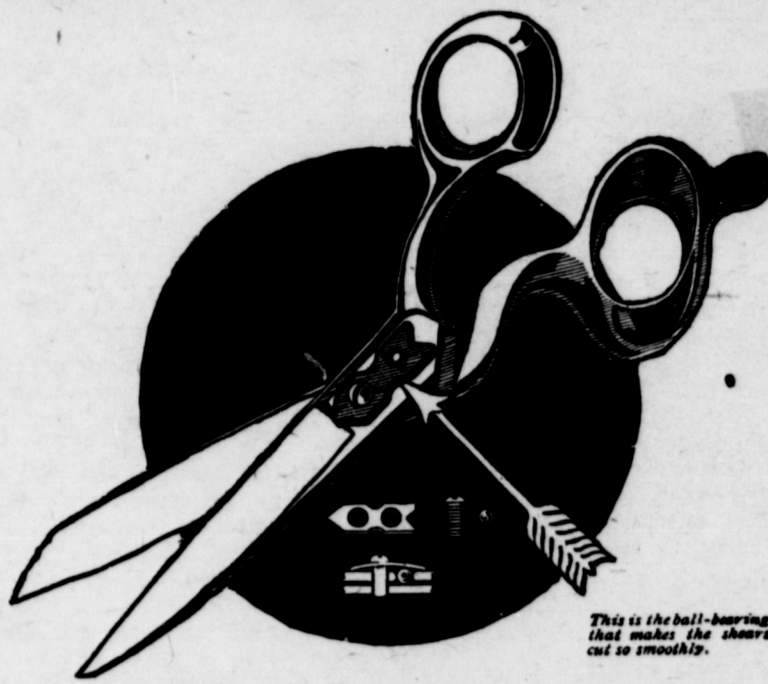
Firestone Tubes and Accessories also on hand.

Dixie Garage

E. C. Cornelison

Phone 18 Berea, Ky.

Firestone
NON-SKID TIRES



This is the ball-bearing that makes the shears cut so smoothly.

Write for these shears!

For a very trifling cost you can get these Genuine Ball-bearing seven inch Tension Shears.

They are made from selected cutlery material with hardened and keen-cutting edge, and carefully ground.

They are highly nickel-plated, giving a bright, smooth finish throughout. Ball-bearing makes the Shears run smoothly. Tension keeps them sharp. Handle fits like a glove. Different in construction from ordinary shears.

All you have to do to get these unusual Shears is to order a pound package of Arbuckles' Coffee, either Whole Bean or Ground, from your grocer. Then cut the signature "Arbuckle Bros." from the wrapper and send us the signature, with only 25 cents!

We make this exceptional offer because we know that once you try Arbuckles' you will never be satisfied with any other coffee.

Don't delay—send now

Be sure the signature and money reach us before this offer expires. You will regret it if you don't take advantage of this special premium offer and get a pair of these Tension Shears.

You have to buy coffee anyway—just ask your grocer for Arbuckles'. You'll be glad you did every time you use these fine smooth-cutting Shears. Send today and by return mail you will receive them. Arbuckle Bros., 71 Water St., New York.

This offer good only 30 days

MOUNTAIN AGRICULTURE

Conducted by Mr. Robert F. Spence, Farm Demonstrator and Special Investigator

FARMERS' WEEK

The best farmers and breeders from all parts of Kentucky will assemble at the Agricultural College at Lexington on January 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th to hold what is designated as "Farmers' Week." The four days will be devoted to the annual conventions and shows of twelve state wide associations of stockmen, farmers, etc., aside from the women's work.

Reduced rates have been secured over all railroads.

This occasion presents a rare opportunity to meet the most successful men in various lines of farming, to hear them discuss their methods and plans and to see their exhibits. All is absolutely free.

Competitive exhibits of corn, dairy products, honey, horticultural products and women's work will be held. Handsome premiums have been provided for the winners in all these classes. Frequently in the past, many of the classes have been poorly filled, thus allowing single entries to win valuable premiums without competition. This largely defeats the educational purposes of the shows and it is hoped that this year the classes will be much better filled.

While the cash and merchandise are valuable they are the least gain that visitors to the Farmers' Week may hope to obtain. Every visitor will feel that he has enjoyed liberal education and will return home with renewed enthusiasm, ideas and determination.

By reading the following list of conventions to be held during the four days, any alert farmer will see that he can ill afford to miss spending the week at the Agricultural College.

Tuesday, January 2nd, Kentucky Corn Growers' Association, Kentucky Dairy Cattle Club; Wednesday, January 3rd, Kentucky Beef Cattle Breeders' Association, Kentucky Alfalfa Growers' Association, Kentucky Poultry Association, Kentucky Marketing Conference; Thursday, January 4th, Kentucky Swine Breeders' Association, Kentucky Beekeepers' Association, Kentucky Jack and Mule Breeders' Association, Kentucky Home Economics Association; Friday, January 5th, Kentucky Horse Breeders' Association, Kentucky Sheep Breeders' Association, and the State Horticultural Society.

Premium lists and further information can be had from T. R. Bryant, General Secretary, Experiment Station, Lexington, Ky.

"HOW I GREW MY ACRE OF CORN"

By Lona C. Fish

In growing my first acre of corn, the first thing I did was to sow rye on my acre last fall to have ready to turn under this spring when I broke up my acre. This rye put into my soil more humus.

In breaking my soil I broke it ten inches deep as my soil averages about twelve inches. After breaking my ground I first rolled it with a pulverizer roller. Then I harrowed it, using a disc harrow. After having it harrowed I rolled it again putting it in fair condition for planting.

Having it in fair condition for planting, I planted it with a one horse drill on the twentieth day of May, using red cob corn. In about a week it came up; and I found I had a good stand. I then waited about two weeks, then cultivated it for the first time; using a riding cultivator. Waiting about ten days I cultivated it the second time

using a riding cultivator. Then after another week or ten days I cultivated it the third time using a five tooth cultivator. Then having waited a day or two longer than I had usually waited I cultivated it for the last time using a double shovel. In all my cultivation I let the average depth of plowing be from three to four inches.

After the first cultivation I thinned my corn for the first time, straightening up as I thinned it. And after the second cultivation, I thinned it the second time; then I did not have it thinned enough.

Our county agent, Mr. Spence, who is known throughout the most part of this county, visited me several times, coming at times when he could represent three clubs at once, visiting my corn, chickens, and pigs.

After having my corn laid by, I let it stand until thoroughly matured, then I had it cut, cutting it sixteen hills square. It cost one dollar and a half to have it cut, taking fifteen hours to cut it and shock it right. After letting it stand in the shock until I could shell it from the cob, I had it shucked, hauled, weighed and put into the crib.

The total weight of the corn was 8,215 lbs. which, when figured up, was one hundred and fourteen bushels, seven pounds. The cost of having it shucked and hauled was three dollars and sixty cents.

While it was being shucked and hauled, I selected from it ten ears, which I exhibited at the corn show.

This tells you how I grew my acre of corn, and I may say that this corn club is one of the greatest things Kentucky could give to her farmer boys, whether they be educated or not. You know it only allows boys from the age of ten to eighteen to enter, and I think Kentucky should have a corn club for her young men from the age of eighteen to thirty, then her farmers should know enough that they could not be beaten. I am fourteen years of age and I may also say that the corn club is teaching us boys how to become the best and most profitable farmers and men of the future.

DIRECTORY OF KENTUCKY BREEDERS OF PURE BRED LIVE STOCK

The State Department of Agriculture is preparing a revised edition of a "Directory of Kentucky Breeders of Pure Live Stock," and would appreciate anyone who desires his name to appear in same to write the Department direct.

This little bulletin has proven a popular one and is mailed not only throughout Kentucky but to other states as many requests are continually coming to the Department for same. It has served to bring before the public where the best foundation stock can be found in this State, hence the great necessity of being accurate as possible in its compilation and it is the Department's desire to omit no name in this revised edition of any breeder of pure bred live stock in the State. If any breeder who has not already been in communication with the Department of Agriculture in regard to this, will notify Mat S. Cohen, Commissioner of Agriculture, Frankfort, Ky., giving name, address and kind of pure bred stock he raises, his name will be included in this directory thus enabling the Department to make a complete and up-to-date revision of same.

The largest Spanish chestnut tree in the world grows on the slopes of Mount Etna. It is said that 100 soldiers and their horses once found shelter beneath it from rain.

CINCINNATI MARKETS

GRAIN.

Corn—Quotations on new: No. 2 white 99½¢@\$.11, No. 3 white 99¢@99½¢, No. 4 white 97¢@98¢, No. 2 yellow 99½¢@\$.11, No. 3 yellow 98½¢@99½¢, No. 4 yellow 96¢@97¢, No. 2 mixed 99½¢@\$.11, No. 3 mixed 98½¢@99½¢, No. 4 mixed 96¢@97¢, white ear, new 94¢@95¢, mixed ear 92¢@93¢.

Hay—No. 1 timothy \$16.50, No. 2 timothy \$15.50, No. 3 timothy \$13.50, No. 1 clover mixed \$15.50, No. 2 clover mixed \$13.50, No. 1 clover \$15.30, No. 2 clover \$13.50.

Oats—No. 2 white 60¢@60½¢, standard white 59½¢@60¢, No. 3 white 59¢@59½¢, No. 4 white 57½¢@58½¢, No. 2 mixed 59¢@59½¢, No. 3 mixed 58¢@59¢, No. 4 mixed 56½¢@57½¢.

Wheat—No. 2 red \$1.84@1.86, No. 3 red \$1.79@1.82.

EGGS AND POULTRY.

Eggs—Prime firsts 37½¢, seconds 35¢, ordinary firsts 37½¢, seconds 35¢.

Live Poultry—Roasters, 4 lbs and over, 16½¢, broilers, 1½ lb and under, 18¢; fryers, over 1½ lb, 15¢; fowls, 4½ lbs and over, 15¢; 3½ lbs and over, 12¢; under 3½ lbs 11¢; roosters 11¢. Ducks, white, 3 lbs and over, 16¢; under 3 lbs, 14¢; colored 13¢; old hen turkeys, 8 lbs and over, 23½¢; young tom turkeys, 10 lbs and over, 23½¢; old tom turkeys, 10 lbs and over, 23½¢; crooked-breasted 15¢@17¢; cull 10¢@12¢.

LIVE STOCK.

Cattle—Shippers—\$7.50@8.25, butcher steers, extra \$7.50@8, good to choice \$6.50@7.50, common to fair \$5.50@6.25; heifers, extra \$6.75@7.25, good to choice \$6.25@6.75, common to fair \$5.50@5.75; cows, extra \$5.75@6.25, good to choice \$5.25@5.50, common to fair \$4.25@5.25; canners \$3.25@4.25, stockers and feeders \$5@6.75.

Bulls—Bologna \$5.25@5.75, extra \$5.85@6, fat bulls \$6@6.25.

Calves—Extra \$10.75@11, fair to good \$9.50@10.75, common and large \$4.50@9.50.

Hogs—Selected heavy shippers \$10.05@10.10, good to choice packers and butchers \$10.05@10.10, mixed packers \$9.75@10.05, stags \$6.25@8.25, common to choice heavy fat sows \$7.50@9.40, select medium (160 to 180 lbs) \$9.35@9.50, light shippers \$8.75@9.10, pigs (110 lbs and less) \$6.25@8.25.

Sheep—Extra \$6.75@7, good to choice \$5.75@6.75, common to fair \$4@5.25.

Lambs—Extra \$10.50@10.75, good to choice \$10@10.50, common to fair \$9@9.75.



Mothers USE Frey's Vermifuge For the Children

A safe, old fashioned remedy for worms.

Seventy-five years continuous use is the best testimonial. FREY'S VERMIFUGE can offer you.

It keeps the little ones happy and healthy.

25c a bottle at your druggist's or general store; or if your druggist can't supply you, send his name and 25c in stamps and we'll send you a bottle promptly.

E. & S. FREY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Old Time Sermon Writers. Why don't clergymen who are unequal to composing good sermons for themselves occasionally read one of the beautiful homilies provided for them by the church? Or why don't they frankly read some one else's sermon, giving credit to the author? One wonders whether the hack sermon writer exists nowadays—the man who in the eighteenth century and later "loaned" original sermons in manuscript for a trifling fee. It is on record that Coleridge when he was particularly hard up raised the wind in this way. How much would a sermon in Coleridge's handwriting fetch at Sotheby's today?—London Chronicle.

"Oh, Jack! If I should die, would you marry a woman just like me for your second?"

"Probably, but I wouldn't find it out till after the ceremony."—Puck.

HOME DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Miss Julia H. Nichol, Director of Home Science

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS

The commonest stains that have to be removed from textile fabrics are ink, grass stains, iron rust, mildew, grease spots, paint and tar. These require treatment according to the nature of the stain and the fabric. The principal chemicals that are well to keep on hand in the laundry closet to remove stains are certain acids, especially oxalic, tartaric and muriatic acid, together with ammonia and hyposulphate of soda to neutralize the effect of the acid after the stain has been removed. Various substances that have the power of cutting or dissolving gums and resins, as alcohol, chloroform and oil of turpentine, and certain absorbents as chalk, french chalk, pipe clay, fuller's earth, and the like. Other useful articles—as fresh milk, sour milk, butter milk, cream of tartar, lemon juice, salt, raw potato, etc., will usually be at hand.

Treatment of stains in general should be progressive, beginning with the milder remedies and reserving the more powerful ones to the last. Fresh stains are much more soluble than those that are allowed to remain until various chemical changes have taken place. Hence, prompt treatment is always advisable.

Soap should never be applied to a stained fabric until the stains have been removed. After chemical treatment the article should be first rinsed in clear water and then washed in soapsuds or put into the regular wash.

To Remove Mildew

Dissolve 1 ounce of chloride of

lime in one pint of boiling water; then add 3 pints of cold water. Soak the article in this from 3 to 12 hrs. Remove, rinse thoroughly, and laundry. If the chloride of lime is not thoroughly washed out the fabric may be injured.

Or, mix ¼ pound of jelly soap with two ounces of starch, 1 ounce of salt and the juice of 1 lemon. Pour over the stain, or apply with a brush.

Iron Rust

Wet the stained fabric, apply a mixture of lemon juice and salt thickly on the spot, and hold in the steam of a teakettle, or expose to direct sunshine, spreading on the grass when convenient until the stain is removed. Repeat the treatment as often as is necessary.

Paint Stains

Saturate the stains with gasoline and wet with a small sponge or flannel rag. Continue until the paint is absorbed, and rub with a clean cloth until dry.

Or saturate the spot for some hours with turpentine, and afterwards rub the article between the hands, when the paint will crumble and can be dusted away without injury to the fabric.

Iodine Stains

If a few drops of liquid carbolic acid is added to iodine it will not spot linen and cotton. To remove the stain on fabric when fresh, dip the spot in aqua ammonia diluted with warm water.

Or soak the stains in a strong solution of hyposulphite of soda and water.

A Thanksgiving Celebration

By ETHEL WEEKS

Copyright, 1916, by American Press Association.

WILLIAM sat on the bottom step, hugging his knee. This attitude in William's case was indicative of trouble—some problems in the process of solution. Five minutes went by.

Suddenly a shrill little girlish whistle brought him up standing with a jerk. A little girl, consisting of a blue apron, a red sweater and a turned up nose, appeared.

"Did your ma get a duck?" asked William.

Susy, hugging herself, shook her head.

"Nope; not yet she hasn't. She says maybe we'll have the doctor come if the baby don't get better, and if he comes he'll take the money that 'ud buy the duck. I ain't got up much enthusiasm for Thanksgiving yet. The twins has quarreled awful too."

"I ain't, either," sympathized William. "It's going to be just like Sunday. I just found out it isn't going to be any fun at all. Last year Aunt Amy got married to a jolly new uncle, and everybody was jolly too."

At a loss for words, William drew in a prodigious breath of satisfaction.

"Last year I had three pieces of cake and more'n sixteen dozen chocolate creams. And mother says that Aunt Amy isn't even going to be at grandma's tomorrow, and my new uncle and Aunt Lu is up visiting her, and she isn't going to come either."

"Why don't you have another wedding this year?"

William stared.

"Why, indeed?" he mused. "But who'll get married?" he demanded.

"Who's there left in your family to get married?"

"There's Uncle Jim, but he wouldn't do it," said William. "He said at Aunt Amy's wedding he wouldn't dare ever."

"There's you!" burst out Susy.

William looked dazed. Susy's thoughts were soaring upward at a take-your-breath-away pace.

"Who'll I marry?" he asked.

"Me," answered Susy.

William sighed heavily and rubbed the frost from the window with one finger and for the seventh time peered out into the drear out of doors. Why didn't Susy come? It was most dinner time. After much discussing of Aunt Mary's new dress, grandma's rheumatism and the new family next door and William's ability for growth his mother and aunts were now gathered close in whispered consultation. His grandfather and uncles were talking election with William's father.

William flattened his nose still closer to the window. It looked like—yes, it really was Susy. He bounded to the door and tugged at the knob with all his might. It opened with a jerk that nearly made him lose his balance. A cold, bedraggled trio, Susy and the twins, stood revealed.

The uncles stared. The whispered conversation of the aunts was, as it were, congealed by the sudden chill of out of doors. But grandma, after one startled look over her glasses, rose so quickly her ball of crocheted cotton bounded gayly across the floor.

"Why, you poor little things! You're

took in a big breath and waited for Uncle Jim's next words:

"Why, excuse me! Excuse me! Congratulations, old man!"

"Jim!" It was William's mother. "Jim, stop that nonsense. William, tell me what this means."

"I thought this was going to be such a slow Thanksgiving, dull, too, so I—so Susy—so Susy and I thought we'd get married today an'—"

"Well," said Uncle Jim, "I'm glad there's one bachelor in this family that has the spunk and the brains to secure such a ravishing bride for our Thanksgiving celebration. Right this way, my young lady. Now, Leonard (dragging a clerical looking individual toward William), 'do it up brown. This is going to be a joyful occasion or I'll know why."

Here he began to whistle the tune appropriate to such occasions. "I'll have the organ of giving the bride away," said Uncle Jim.

William's chest swelled with pride. Uncle Jim understood. Even his mother was smiling faintly, and his father was chuckling audibly.

Uncle Jim's voice continued, evidently prompting Leonard in the words of the marriage ceremony, when interrupted by the telephone ringing.

Grandfather reached it first.

"Hello!" he fairly shouted.

"Yes, Eh? What's that? What? Well, I declare! I—mother!"

"What?" asked his wife.

"Mother, Amy's got a girl; born this morning. She's to be named after you, George says."

Grandfather was patting grandmother on the shoulder and trying to answer everybody's questions from what meager information he had acquired in two minutes.

The aunts were all talking at once.

"Did you ever?"

"Just think, grandma, a girl!"

William, very much puzzled at this abrupt interruption to his wedding ceremony, was trying to get some clew as to this new source of hilarity. But Susy, though two months younger than William, was far wiser in some things. She burst into frightened, angry sobs.

"I won't! I won't! Even if I did promise cross my heart I won't marry you, William, so there!" She stamped her foot and fairly shrieked her determination.

All were staring at Susy—that is, all but Uncle Jim. He slapped his knee and roared with laughter.

William's wall broke forth without restraint. He felt the thing he had started had got beyond him.

"You have my sympathy, old man, my—ah—deepest sympathy," he could hear Uncle Jim saying. "It is indeed heartrending to be rejected by so fair and—er—fiery a bride at the altar, and it would—ah, indeed—make a strong man weep. But I really think you must not blame her too much. She evidently feels this Thanksgiving celebration to promote the family cheer in, as shown by previous experience, a continued-in-our-next affair, and she—ah—evidently doesn't hanker after the second chapter. She, I think, feels that she has her hands full already."

And as he concluded with a flourish of his hand toward the twins, now sleeping on the floor, light broke on the astonished circle, and it laughed till it cried. And when it had finally wiped its eyes into vision again it beheld the erstwhile bride and groom unrestrainedly devouring chocolates.

Several hours later a very tired, sleepy William, clinging tight to his father's hand, suddenly opened his eyes wide.

"This has been the finest Thanksgiving, hasn't it? We didn't need any wedding to have fun. New cousins make folks have fun—and Uncle Jim and—everything—on—Thanksgiving."

Uncle Jim looked around at his nephew.

"But you did your part, old fellow. We won't forget that. Shouldn't wonder if I'd dare the deed myself next year."

POLICE ALERT FOR STRIKE CALL



Photo by American Press Association. Mounted reserves at a recreation pier ready for instant call during New York's serious car strike.

GUARDSMEN HOME WITH AN UNRULY MEMBER



Photo by American Press Association. The newly adopted mascot of a company of the returning Seventy-first infantry balks when he reaches today New York from the border.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(Copyright, 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 3

JESUS CHRIST THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

LESSON TEXT—Rev. 1.
GOLDEN TEXT—Fear not: I am the first and the last, and the living one; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore.—Rev. 1:17, 18.

The lesson committee have departed, seemingly, a long way from anything like chronological order. Paul has nothing to do with the writing of Revelation, yet this lesson illustrates the pre-eminence which Jesus Christ had in the mind and labors of the great apostle (Col. 1:18).

I. Introduction. (vv. 1-3.) We would suggest that all Bible students and teachers, if possible, read the introduction to the Book of Revelation in Scofield's Reference Bible. The book proper is "The Revelation of Jesus Christ," John, the beloved disciple, who wrote the Gospel and Epistles, was the one who saw the visions recorded therein. Many of the things are historical, others are prophetically set forth. The latter are "shortly to come to pass." (See also II Peter 3:3.) John tells not only what God said but what he himself saw. The late Doctor Brooks of St. Louis omitted this book from his study for many years until he saw the comments recorded in verse 8. The time of the writing of this book has variously been stated as from A. D. 60 to A. D. 90; the writer was certainly John the Beloved. The place of writing was the island of Patmos in the Aegean sea, not far from Ephesus. The real author, however, is Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

II. Salutation. (vv. 4-8.) "The servant of Jesus who records his message was John, and the message was to be to the seven churches which are in Asia" that is, the western portion of Asia Minor, of which Ephesus on the Aegean sea was the principal city. These churches are definitely named in verse 11. There is good reason to think that these churches represented the seven successive epochs of church history. If so, no age is exclusively Ephesian, or Philadelphian, or Laodicean. The grace, favor, loving kindness, is a free gift from Christ, who is here giving a threefold title, namely: First begotten from the dead, witness and prince.

III. Vision. (vv. 9-18.) What John saw on the Isle of Patmos he was to write upon a parchment roll and send it to the seven churches, each of which needed a message. Under the figure of seven candlesticks are enumerated seven churches. Into the midst of these churches, actually present in them, is one like unto the Son of Man. (See also Matthew 18:20.) Like a human being, Jesus was, but now clothed with the garment of his eternal glory, girded about with the girdle worn by priests and kings, a symbol of his power and strength (Isaiah 11:5; Eph. 6:14). His head and his hands, his feet and his eyes are all referred to, each having its symbolical significance. In his right hand are the seven stars (v. 16), the angels of the churches, pastors or leaders, possibly guardian angels (v. 20). They are held in his right hand, signifying that they are protected, upheld and controlled by his wisdom and power. (See Jeremiah 22:24.) From his mouth goes a sharp, two-edged sword; the spirit of the Word of God sharper than any two-edged sword (Hebrews 4:12). And his countenance was as the sun shining in its strength, the glory, such as was manifested in the transfiguration, such as Paul saw near Damascus, is here referred to.

IV. The Command. John had enjoyed a tender intimacy with the Lord during his earthly life and yet he was shaken down with the overpowering majesty and glory which had been revealed. Now he realized, as perhaps never before, the significance of the ever-living Christ, and he is hereby specifically commanded to record this vision as he had seen it and the messages which the Lord had for the churches. The word mystery (v. 20) has reference to something which has hitherto been hidden to men and which is now about to be revealed. The revelation was to these churches, and it is to us also.

Jesus is not a mere vision but he is a living reality, unveiled for the time from the unseen.

Jesus is a living fact which we are to communicate to men. The seven stars (v. 20) are messages in his own right hand.

The churches are the lamp stands, Christ himself is the light, the sun (v. 16).

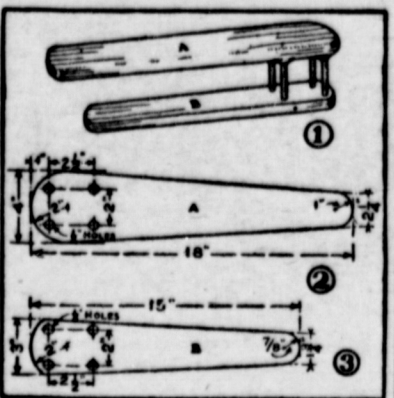
The messages John is commanded to deliver have a four-fold application (1) to the churches actually addressed, but which have long since passed away; (2) to all churches in all times, admonishing them to discover their true spiritual state; (3) to individuals, "he that hath an ear," that they shall claim the promises made "to him that overcometh" and (4) they are prophetic of the different phases of spiritual history, following the days of John, the writer, (a) Beginning; (b) persecution; (c) worldliness; (d) priestly formalism; (e) reformation; (f) testimony to the word and the name.

HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "The Handy Boy," "The Boy Craftsman," "Handicraft for Handy Boys" etc.
(Copyright, by A. Neely Hall.)

HANDY THINGS TO MAKE FOR MOTHER.

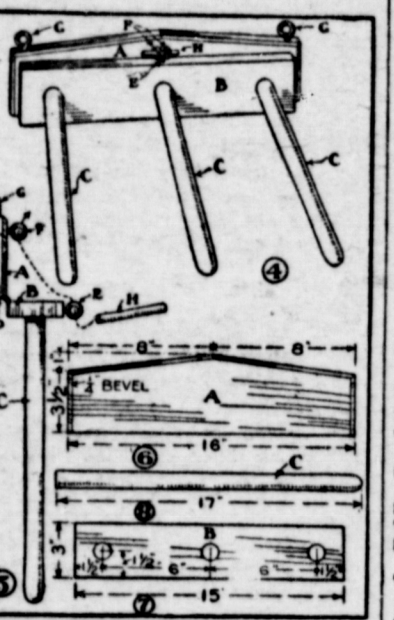
For the sleeve board (Fig. 1) you will require wood three-quarters of one inch thick, out of which to cut pieces A and B (Figs. 2 and 3), and a carpenter's "dowel" stick about two feet long from which to cut four pieces five inches long for connecting A and B. Figs. 2 and 3 show the measurements for cutting pieces A and B.



and the location of the one-half inch holes for the dowels, which should extend entirely through the pieces. Coat the ends of the dowels with glue, and fasten them with finishing nails driven through the edges of A and B. Fig. 4 shows a unique rack for dish towels, with the back board so hinged that, when the towels hung upon them have dried and been put away, the arms may be dropped out of the way as in Fig. 5.

Fig. 6 shows the dimensions for board A, Fig. 7 the dimensions for board B, and Fig. 8 the length of the broomhandle arms C. The holes in board B must be of the exact diameter of the broomhandles. Coat the ends of the arms with glue, and drive a nail through the edge of board B into each.

One pair of hinges is sufficient for hinging board B to A. They should be screwed to the edges as shown at D (Fig. 5). Screw eyes E and F (Fig.

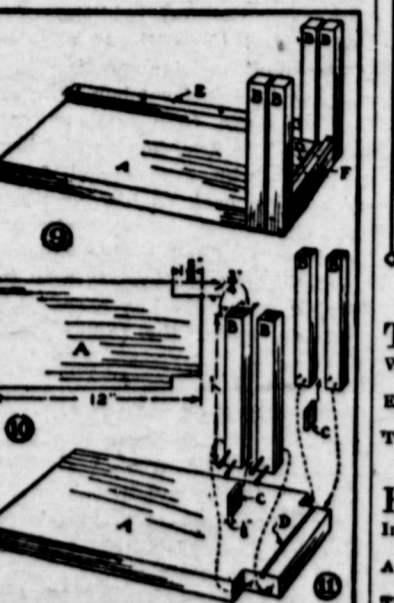


5) are provided for pin H to slip through when the arms have been raised, to hold them in that position (Fig. 4).

Screw one screw eye into the edge of board B (E, Fig. 5), and two screw eyes into board A (F, Fig. 5), in the right positions so when the arms are raised screw eye E will come between screw eyes F. Screw eyes G (Figs. 4 and 5) are provided for hangers.

The purpose of the bread-slicing board (Fig. 9) is to make it easy to slice a loaf of bread so each slice is of equal thickness on all edges.

Fig. 10 shows the dimensions for base A, and Fig. 11 the dimensions for uprights B. Block C will keep up-



rights B the right distance apart for the slot for the bread knife. Nail uprights B in place, then slip a saw through the slots, and cut a small groove in base A (D, Figs. 9 and 11) so the knife will cut through the bottom bread crust easily.

Strip E (Fig. 9) is nailed to the far edge of base A, to push the bread against when cutting, and strip F (Fig. 9) fits between uprights B, on the end of base A, and should be of the proper width so there will be exactly five-sixteenths of an inch space between its inside edge and slot D.

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

A SONG.
By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
(Copyright, 1887, 1888, by James Whitcomb Riley.)

THERE is ever a song somewhere,
my dear,
There is ever a something sings
always.
There's the song of the lark when
the skies are clear
And the song of the thrush when the
skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain
And the bluebird trills in the orchard
tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair.
There is ever a song that our hearts may
hear.
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black or the midday
blue.
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night
through.

The buds may blow, and the fruit may
grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and
sear,
But whether the sun or the rain or the
snow
There is ever a song somewhere, my
dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair.
There is ever a song that our hearts may
hear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere.

OTHELLO'S DEFENSE.
MOST potent, grave and reverend
seigniors,
My very noble and approved
good masters—
That I have ta'en away this old
man's daughter

It is most true; true, I have married her.

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year—the battles, sieges,
fortunes.

That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my boyish
days

To the very moment that he bade me
tell it.

Wherein I spake of most disastrous
chances.

Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth 'scapes I the imminent
deadly breach.

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption
thence.

This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.

But still the house affairs would draw her
thence.

Whichever as she could with haste dis-
patch.

She'd come again and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse, which I observ-

ing,

Took once a pliant hour and found good
means.

To draw from her a prayer of earnest
heart

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something
heard;

But not intensively. I did consent
And often did beguile her of my tears
When I did speak of some distressful
stroke

That my youth suffered. My story being
done,

She gave me for my pains a world of
sighs:

She swore-in faith 'twas strange,
'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it; yet she
wished

That heaven had made her such a man
she thanked me

And bade me if I had a friend that loved
her

I should teach him how to tell my story
And that would woo her. Upon this hint
I spake.

She loved me for the dangers I had
passed,

And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

—From "Othello," William Shakespeare.

WAR'S MILLION HORRORS.

BUT hoary headed selfishness
hates
its deathblow and is totter-

ing to the grave.
A brighter morn awaits the
day.

When every transfer of earth's nat-
ural gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words
and works;

When poverty and wealth, the
thirst of fame,
The fear of infamy, disease and
woe.

War with its million horrors and
fierce hell
Shall live but in the memory of
Time.

Who, like a penitent libertine, shall
start,
Look back and shudder at his
younger years.

—Shelley.

THE NEW RULER.

THE hand that rocks the cradle is the
hand that rules the world.

Was true, no doubt, when babies still in
cradle depths were curled,
Excepting merely—in aside—with strict re-

gard for fact,
That it was mostly mother's foot that did
the rocking act.

BUT anyway that's out of date. The
babies of today
In sanitary, metal cribs are safely tucked
away.

And as to ruling one may say without
exaggeration
The hand that runs the auto pretty nearly
rules creation.

—Walter G. Doty.

REST.

REST is not quitting
The busy career.

Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

REST the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean
After its life.

REST loving and serving
The highest and best,
The onward, unswerving
And that is true rest.

—Gosché.

CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE BEGINS RAILWAY INQUIRY

Proposed by President to Bet-
ter Condition of Carriers.

MAY CHANGE PRESENT SYSTEM

Officials of Roads Prepared to Advocate
Federal Incorporation, Supervision of
Securities and Extension of Authority
of Interstate Commerce Commission.

Washington, Nov. 20.—Ten members of Congress, five Senators and five members of the House of Representatives, began here today an inquiry into the subject of public control and supervision of railroads that may lead to the revolutionizing of the whole scheme of governmental regulation of the country's transportation lines. Incidentally the committee is to look into the question of government ownership of railroads, telephone and telegraph lines and express companies.

The members of the committee which will conduct this important investigation are Senator Newlands of Nevada, chairman; Senators Robinson of Arkansas, Underwood of Alabama, Cummins of Iowa and Brandegee of Connecticut, and Representatives Adamson of Georgia, Sims of Tennessee, Cullup of Indiana, Esch of Wisconsin and Hamilton of Michigan. The inquiry was recommended by President Wilson in his message to Congress in December of last year. He described as its purpose to determine what could be done "for bettering the conditions under which the railroads are operated and for making them more useful servants of the country as a whole."

Prominent Men as Witnesses.

In order to obtain the views of all interests affected by the operations of the transportation lines the committee has invited prominent shippers, bankers, representatives of commercial organizations, railway executives, economists and others to appear before them.

The first to be heard are railroad commissioners of various states who began their evidence today. Their testimony is directed chiefly to opposing any enlargement of the federal authority over commerce that would detract from the powers now exercised by state bodies. They will be followed shortly by officials of railway labor organizations who are expected to register their opposition to the increase of governmental authority over wages and conditions of labor.

Chief interest in the hearings centers in the proposals that will be put forward by representatives of the railroads, for it is reported that they will advocate an extension of federal authority over rates and securities to the practical exclusion of state control of these matters. It is understood also that they will go on record in favor of federal incorporation of all railroad lines.

Legislative Program of Railroads.

From an authoritative source is obtained the following outline of the legislative program which the railroads will ask the committee to consider in its investigation: They will endeavor to demonstrate to the commission that one of the principal defects in the present system of railroad regulation is the lack of coordination resulting from the simultaneous and conflicting regulation by the federal government and by the 48 states. They will, therefore, ask that entire governmental control of the rates and practices of interstate carriers, except purely local matters, be placed in the hands of a federal body so that interstate traffic may be regulated without reference to state lines, leaving to the state commissions jurisdiction only over local matters and local public utilities. As a part of this plan, a compulsory system of federal incorporation is to be recommended, accompanied by federal supervision of railroad stock and bond issues.

A reorganization of the Interstate Commerce Commission will be asked, in order to enable the commission properly to exercise its increased powers. It is also proposed that the preparation and prosecution of cases against the railroads shall be delegated to some other agency of the government, possibly the Department of Justice, so that the commission may devote its energies to its administrative functions.

With the commission thus relieved of some of its present duties and equipped to handle its business more promptly, the railroads will urge that the period during which the commission may now suspend proposed increases in rates be reduced from ten months to 60 days, with provision for reparation to be paid to the shippers if the advance shall be declared unreasonable.

They will also ask that the commission be given the power to prescribe minimum as well as maximum rates so that in meeting complaints of discrimination the commission may order the advance of a rate which it considers too low.

One of the most important recommendations for which the railroads will ask favorable consideration is that the commission be specifically authorized to take into account in rate regulation the effect of rates upon total earnings in the light of expenses.

While the Newlands Committee is required, under the resolution creating it, to submit a report by January 2 next, it is not anticipated that the Committee will have come anywhere near completing its labors then.

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Training that adds to your money-earning power, combined with general education.

FOR YOUNG MEN—Agriculture, Carpentry, Bricklaying, Printing, Commerce and Telegraphy.

FOR YOUNG LADIES—Home Science, Dressmaking, Cooking, Nursing, Stenography and Typewriting.

2nd Door—Berea's Foundation School

General Education for those not far advanced, combined with some vocational training. No matter what your present advancement, we can put you with others like yourself and give chance for most rapid progress.

3rd Door—Berea's General Academy Course

For those who are not expecting to teach and who are not going thru College, and desire more general education. It also gives the best general education for those who wish a good start in study and expect to carry it on by themselves.

4th Door—Berea's Normal School

This gives the very best training for those who expect to teach. Courses are so arranged that young people can teach through the summer and fall and attend school through the winter and spring, thus earning money to keep right on in their course of study. Read Dinsmore's great book, "How to Teach a District School."

5th Door—Berea's Preparatory Academy Course

This is the straight road to College—best training in Mathematics, Sciences, Languages, History and all preparatory subjects. The Academy is now Berea's largest department.

6th Door—Berea College

This is the crown of the whole Institution, and provides standard courses in all advanced subjects.

PAYMENT MUST BE IN ADVANCE, incidental fee and room rent by the term, board by the half term. Installments are as follows:

	WINTER TERM	FOUNDATIONS	ACADEMY AND NORMAL	COLLEGE
Incidental Fee	\$5.00	\$6.00	\$7.00	\$7.00
Room	6.00	7.20	7.20	7.20
Board 6 weeks	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.00
Amount due Jan. 3, 1917	20.00	22.20	22.20	22.20
Board 6 weeks, due Feb. 14, '16	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.00
Total for term	\$29.00	\$31.20	\$31.20	\$31.20

*This does not include the dollar deposit nor money for books or laundry.

Special Expenses in addition to Incidental Fee—Business

	Fall	Winter	Spring
Stenography and Typewriting	\$14.00	\$12.00	\$10.00
Bookkeeping (brief course)	14.00	12.00	10.00
Bookkeeping (regular course)	7.00	6.00	5.00
Business course for students in other departments:			
Stenography	10.50	9.00	7.50
Typewriting, with one hour's use of instrument	7.00	6.00	5.00
Com. Law, Com. Geog., Com. Arith., or Penmanship, each	2.10	1.80	1.50

In no case will special Business Fees exceed \$15.00 per term.

Any able-bodied young man or young woman can get an education at Berea if there is the will to do so.

It is a great advantage to continue during winter and spring and have a full year of continuous study. Many young people waste time in the public schools going over and over the same things, when they might be improving much faster by coming to Berea and starting in on new studies with some of the best young men and women from other counties and states.

Applicants must bring or send a testimonial showing that they are above 15 years old, in good health, and of good character. This may be signed by some former Berea student or some reliable teacher or neighbor. The use of tobacco is strictly forbidden.

Winter Term opens January 3rd. Hurry! Rooms nearly all taken. Don't come unless room is engaged by a dollar sent to your friend, the Secretary.

MARSHALL E. VAUGHN, Berea, Ky

Fill In Picture Puzzle No. 1



WHAT sort of a picture is this? Start your pencil at 1, draw a line to 2, 3, 4, etc., until all of the numbers have been linked together and you will be surprised and pleased with the result of your art work. This picture always carries a trunk when it travels about, like a pack that trunk itself and, strange to say, part of the picture plays billiards all over the world. Now this is all you are to be told about it. Get busy with your pencil and find out what the puzzle is.

Tramp—Can't you help a poor lonely man who hasn't got anything in the world but a loaded revolver?

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy.—Walton.

Villa and his forces are making an attack on Chihuahua, the chief city of northern Mexico, and for five days the fighting has continued with heavy loss on both sides. If this place falls in Villa's hands it is rumored that an attack will follow on Juarez, a city close to the American border. This event occurs at an unfitting time for Mexico and the United States have just come to an agreement in regard to border control.